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LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1842.

REVIEWS

Handy Andy. By Samuel Lover. London, Lover.

We have long marked the decline of Irish works of fiction; and the production now before us testifies, but too plainly, that we have reached the period of its fall. Let us avail ourselves of the opportunity afforded by this catastrophe to trace rapidly the history and principles of the different schools to which the successive generations of Irish novelists are to be referred. The close of our exposition will lead us naturally back to some particular notice of the work whose title has furnished the heading of this article.

The Edgeworth novels preceded those of Lady Morgan chronologically, with the exception of 'The Wild Irish Girl,' which was, perhaps, the earliest fiction drawn from the genuine sources of Irish humour and pathos. We begin, therefore, with the productions of Miss Edgeworth—an admirable painter of the manners and customs of a particular class of the gentry, and a most graphic and good-natured illustrator of the pleasant eccentricities of the people. 'Castle Rack-Rent' and 'The Absentee' reflected the surface of the national character with truth; and the cheerful philanthropy that suggested those attractive novels did much to establish kindlier relations between the extremes of Irish society, and dispel the prejudices that prevailed in England against the country of the accomplished author. In a pure and elegant style, instructive without pedantry, and humorous without vulgarity, Miss Edgeworth espoused the side of the peasantry without winking at their faults, and rebuked the selfishness of the aristocracy without provoking their resentment. If it be asked, however, whether she possessed the master-key to the idiosyncrasy of the Irish character, the question must be answered in the negative. She avoided, not accidentally, but with design, the history and politics of the country; she viewed the condition and manners of the population apart from those stirring questions which so sensibly influenced that condition, and shed over those manners some of their brightest colouring. The Irishman of her painting lacked a better roof over his head, and a better meal upon his board, but he had no yearnings for the more important and pregnant blessings of civil equality and freedom. The fervour of nationality, in short, was wanting; and accordingly, the deepest and richest founts of national humour remained to be opened by another hand. Lady Morgan had already unlocked some of these springs in her romance of 'The Wild Irish Girl'; and 'Florence MacCarthy,' 'O'Donnell,' and 'The O'Briens and O'Flahertys,' completed a series of Irish historical novels, composed with the purpose of insinuating the wrongs of Ireland into the salons and boudoirs of Europe, where the subject would not have been endured under a less seductive form. While Miss Edgeworth moved the pity of the world for the physical privations of the peasant, Lady Morgan awoke its sympathies with the political degradation of the man. Doubtless we may reckon those fictions amongst the unseen but efficient causes of the great political mutations of these latter days in Ireland. The novelist laboured in the same field with the statesman and the orator, and merits her share in the glory and her place in the triumph. But, leaving their design for a moment out of view, it is obvious that the writer who penetrated the depths of the national character had resources at her command unknown to the most diligent observer and painter of the surface. With the history of her country, Lady Morgan commanded its philosophy and its poetry, and was

qualified to "untwist all the chords" of pathos or of humour. To these advantages she joined a nervous, piquant, enthusiastic style. We couple her novels with the strains of Moore, as kindred creations of patriotism and genius. Indignation inspired both the song and the romance: there are, perhaps, no other, certainly no more, remarkable instances in English literature, of the exertion of the imaginative faculties for a practical purpose, to produce a precise moral and political effect. A third school of novelists succeeded: the chiefs were Mr. Banim, author of 'The Nowlans' and the 'Tales of the O'Hara Family,' and Mr. Griffin, author of 'The Collegians.' Both were masters of Irish humour, and made up for their deficiencies in style by force of description, dramatic interest, and intimacy with every wild detail and romantic feature of Irish rustic life. They were neither didactic, like Miss Edgeworth, nor historical, like Lady Morgan: they wrote with no design but to relate an affecting story of humble or middle life, and they mingled melancholy with mirth, just as they found those opposite elements combined in the daily domestic history of a tragic-comic population. Both were purely and intensely Irish. The fair, the dance, the fight, the revel, the station, the funeral, the wedding, and the murder, were depicted with something between the minuteness of Hogarth and the dash of Salvator. 'The Collegians' will not soon be surpassed as a simple harrowing story, naturally unfolded, and vigorously told. We think it superior to 'The Nowlans,' the most affecting of Mr. Banim's novels; but to enter into any critical comparison would lead us from our present object.

We must pass on, and notice a fourth generation of writers, of whom the best specimen is Mr. Carleton, the author of 'Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry.' There is truth and force in many of his pictures, originality in many of his scenes and dialogues, but little sympathy with either the intellectual or moral peculiarities of the national character. There is something sectarian in the eye with which he contemplates a Catholic priest, or a mountain chapel; and he regards a riot or a homicide more like a crown solicitor, looking at the naked offence, than a man of letters and philosophy, accustomed to consider human motives and moral influences. In the same category we are compelled to range the entire brood of the orthodox Irish tale-tellers, a swarm of writers, male and female after their kind, with various degrees of cleverness or dullness, but all unanimous in treating the native of Ireland as a mere Romanist and rebel—a subject for reformation and the rope.

We are somewhat at a loss where to locate the good-natured Mrs. Hall, who would willingly hang nobody, nor even "compass heaven and earth to make one proselyte." Although somewhat of the schoolmistress in her works, which are too ostentatiously didactic, she cannot be considered as having an academy of her own, and must, therefore, be referred to the school of Miss Edgeworth,—whom, indeed, she strikingly resembles in her conversance with the "minor morals," the cheerful benignity of her disposition, and an earnest desire to make the little Irish good children, and turn the pig out of the cabin door.

We are now arrived at the last, and, we think, the lowest form, on which sitteth Mr. Lover, boisterously laughing, playing antic tricks innumerable, and cracking thrice-cracked jokes, as Alexander in his cups "thrice slew the slain." The sources of true Irish humour being exhausted, we have arrived, perhaps of necessity, at the epoch of mere *fun*. The broad clumsy hand upon the cover, with the motto

"Give us your fist, my darlin' Public," distinctly intimates the character of the work of fiction now before us. We have no puritanical aversion to "cakes and ale," nor even to that coarsest variety of merriment which goes by the name of "fun"; we have no manner of antipathy to a funny book or a funny author, but we must decline to pay the tribute of admiration to a work that is mere unmitigated waggery from frontispiece to finish. A novel all sentiment is heavy reading; so is a novel all politics, or all theology; and the same sentence must involve the family of novels of which Handy Andy is the most uproarious member. There is nothing so light but a sufficient quantity of it will make a heavy load, just as you may break a horse's back with straw, or that of a camel with a pack of feathers. If one grasshopper, as the preacher saith, "is a burden," insupportable indeed must be a whole army of grasshoppers, let Anacreon and Cowley sing as they may. There are writers so monotonously sad, that we never weep with them, and others so inexorably jolly, that they lose the power of moving laughter. Amongst the latter, we cannot avoid registering Mr. Lover. He paralyzes our sides through his restless desire to shake them. As La Mothe le Vayer said to an over-learned cotemporary, "Dieu vous fasse la grace de devenir moins savant," we would say to the author of Handy Andy, "Heaven grant you the grace to be less facetious." Who could sustain a farce in five acts? Sir Lucius O'Trigger amuses us in the Rivals, but happily for Sheridan's dramatic fame, the brogue and the blunders of that caricature of an Irish gentleman are not the staple of the play. Wit may be too exuberant in a work of fancy; how much more necessary, then, is it to economize humour, and particularly that broad humour that touches the frontiers of vulgarity but too closely. If too much champagne is objectionable, too much whiskey will scarcely be approved.

This is independent of the question whether Mr. Lover's whiskey is the genuine produce of the Irish still, racy of the mountains of Donegal, or the wilds of Erris. The remarks that have been made apply merely to the scheme of the work; we have yet to consider what are its claims to a place amongst Irish novels, as a delineation of Irish society, character, and manners. To form a judgment on this question, it is necessary, of course, to glance at the materials of which the book is made up.

The hero, then, is a more foolish than knavish peasant, who bears the un-Irish name of Andy, for the convenience of rhyming with the sobriquet of "Handy," which is conferred upon him in testimony of his gift of blundering, by dint whereof he involves himself and every body about him in all kinds of scrapes and embarrassments. These scrapes and blunders are for the most part as hackneyed as the jocularities of Joe Miller. In fact, Andy is created for no other purpose but to perpetrate every ridiculous mistake that has ever been recorded, not only of Paddy, but of John Bull himself; for there is nothing whatever savouring peculiarly of Ireland in nine-tenths of the clowneries that fill Mr. Lover's pages. Wherever there is a post-office established in Europe, a clodpole may be found capable of displaying the same ludicrous ignorance that Andy exhibits at the post-office of Ballysloughguttery. There is nothing characteristically Irish in corking a trumpet, or in misdirecting a traveller; any hind of France, or boor of Spain or Italy, might be introduced with equal truth as the performer of such exploits as these. The fact, indeed, is, that plain, downright, *bonâ fide* blundering—particularly practical blundering—is not a trait of the Irish peasant's character at all, being inconsistent

with the shrewdness for which he is proverbially remarkable. Andy on one occasion presents his master with some hot water in a jug; his master is displeased, and orders him to throw it out of the window, upon which he flings out the jug along with the water, and desires upon the strength of the achievement to be taken as a specimen of a wild Irishman! Of the wit and originality in this adventure we shall say nothing, but we deny the *Irishry* of it altogether. There is, perhaps, no country in Europe where it would be more difficult to meet an instance of such stolidity in a peasant boy. Equally far are the poorer classes in Ireland from being gratuitously mischievous, so that the incident is in every way egregiously miscalculated for the meridian of that country. We might easily extend the same strictures to a multitude of farcical events and situations. Andy, however, is not the sole actor in the extravaganza. There is a Mister Murtoogh Murphy, an attorney, one Growling, an apothecary, and a Dick Dawson, a squire, with several personages more, whose entire employment is to cut capers, make bulls, drink punch, fight duels, and play off practical jokes, through uncounted chapters. The work is a pantomime upon paper: the characters do nothing but reciprocally cuff, kick, and humbug one another, without a moment's respite; and as the deviser of monstrous diversions for Easter holidays rejoices to present us with a stupendous, all-engrossing nose, overshadowing and overwhelming every other feature of the human face, so the author of Handy Andy suppresses all other traits of the Irish character to make room for a most exaggerated exhibition of the single element of fun. The fun, too, is not the fun of the provinces; not the frolicsome excitement, the "tipsy dance and revelry" of the mountaineers of Tipperary or Galway, but the maudlin buffoonery of Donnybrook, an annual outpouring of the noisy cockneyism of Dublin, where the metropolitan taverns vent their vapid liquors, and the metropolitan wags their still more vapid jests. Mr. Lover's drolls, amongst other un-Irish enormities, perpetrate puns incessantly. Such is, possibly, the wit of the Dublin apprentice, or lawyer's clerk, at a suburban jollification, but it is as remote from the humour of the grey frieze and the scarlet petticoat of the counties, as the nadir from the zenith.

"'Augh, sure, the morsel you took is more like a fast than a feast,' said the cook, 'and it's not Lent.' 'It's not *lent*, sure enough,' said Larry Hogan, with a sly grin, 'it's not *lent*, for you gave it to me.'"

It is in vain to tell us, that Limerick, Clare, or Kerry gave birth to Larry Hogan, his speech so clearly betrays him, and assures us, that he was bred and born on the margin of the Anna Liffey. We complain of this as an infraction of the laws of novel-writing. An author has a clear right to depict low life in a city, if he prefers it to the corresponding grade of society in the country, or if it better suits the purposes of his story: the Dublin scrivener, artisan, nay "black-guard," has a title as good to a place in a group of imaginary characters as the very best specimen of an Irishman; but the writer is not justified in taking a portrait from the streets of Dublin, and informing us that a "boy" of Tipperary sat for it: this is not the truth of fiction; while it argues poverty in the author, it produces misconception in the reader, and when it succeeds in raising a laugh, it obtains it under false pretences. It is time to speak with freedom on this subject, for we look upon national character as peculiarly under the protection of criticism, and the tendency of the present generation of Irish novels, and especially those of Mr. Lover, is materially to prejudice that of Ireland, by the introduction of a strain of pertness and of vul-

garity, from which the manners, conversation, and humour of the rural peasantry are as free as those of any peasantry in Europe. The same unintentional misrepresentation is chargeable against Mr. Lover's pencil, which he brings to the aid of his *funny* pen, little in need of such reinforcement. In one of the illustrations of the first number, Andy is exhibited on his first introduction to the service of Squire Egan, on which occasion he puts forward his claims to a perfect understanding of horses. His ignorance of horses is notorious, having already brought him into tribulation; and a peasant is represented in the back-ground, who upon over-hearing this part of the conversation, makes a grimace to Andy, which consists in the most plebeian trick of applying the thumb of one hand to the nose, and the little finger of the same hand to the thumb of the other. We much doubt whether the grimace thus attempted to be described is of Irish origin; but we are certain it is a mode of facetiousness as utterly unknown to the peasantry of the green isle as it is to the natives of Hong Kong.

We have to notice another instance in which Mr. Lover appears to us to have been led into still more serious error, by his want of accurate acquaintance with the phases of life, which he undertakes to depict. The contrast that exists, or we should rather say, that did exist, between the rough and rollicking manners of Irish rural chiefs, and the softness and delicacy of their wives and daughters, is known to every one who has any tolerable acquaintance, actual or traditional, with provincial life in Ireland. The causes that semi-brutalized the men, that produced such a personage as Mr. Lover's O'Grady, did not reach the female branches of their families, who were not inferior in gentlewomanlike breeding, or in any grace of the sex, to the ladies of any other part of the empire. If the Irish girl was ever found in a state of wildness, that wildness was tainted by no vulgarity. She was airy and mirthful, but the most buoyant spirits never betrayed her into *fun*; her pleasantries partook more of wit than humour, but never came within a thousand leagues of coarseness. The social derangements of the country, or a family residence remote from the capital, in some impervious mountain tract, or on some stormy Atlantic shore, may have sequestered her from the dominions of fashion, and left her only theoretically, or historically acquainted with the latest conventions and newest formalities of that potent kingdom; but she was not the less a lady in feeling and deportment; the circumstances that left her behind the women of the capital in points of *bijouterie*, or affairs of the toilette, exerted no vulgarizing influence upon her mind or manners. On the contrary, they crowned with the charm of simplicity her other attractions.

It would be absurd to censure Mr. Lover for his want of information as to the physiology of Irish young ladies, to borrow a rather hackneyed phrase from the Parisian brochures, but we complain of his hardihood in presenting us with Miss Fanny Dawson as a specimen of that class. A certain Mr. Furlong, a hanger-on and *employé* of Dublin Castle, dispatched to the country for the purpose of co-operating at an election with a gentleman of the name of O'Grady, is deposited, by the blunders of Andy, in the house of a Squire Egan, the candidate in the opposite interest, and it is so contrived, that he remains for three days in Mr. Egan's house, all the time believing that he is the guest of the friend of the government. This Mr. Furlong is a stupid coxcomb, of Irish parentage, but brought up in England, where "he picked up the ax'nt: 'twas so genteel the Irish ax'nt!" Mr. Furlong appears at breakfast the next morning, and Dick Dawson, the brother-in-law of Egan, "in his own jolly way, hoped he had slept well." Now mark the part which Miss

Fanny Dawson is represented as acting in this breakfast scene, and in every future conversation with Mr. Furlong:—

"'Vewy,' said Furlong, as he sipped his tea with an air of peculiar *nonchalance*, which was meant to fascinate Fanny Dawson, who, when Furlong addressed to her his first silly common-place, with his peculiar *non-pronunciation* of the letter R, established a lisp directly, and it was as much as her sister, Mrs. Egan could do to keep her countenance, as Fanny went on slaughtering S's as fast as Furlong ruined R's. 'I'll twouble you for a little mo' queam,' said he, holding forth his cup and saucer with an affected air. 'Perhaps you'd like thum more theugar,' lisped Fanny, lifting the sugar-tongs with an exquisite curl of her little finger. 'I'm glad to hear you slept well,' said Dick to Furlong. 'To be sure he slept well,' said Murphy; 'this is the sleepest air in the world.' 'The sleepest air!' returned Furlong, somewhat surprised. 'That's vewy odd.' 'Not at all, sir,' said Murphy, '—well-known fact. When I first came to this part of the country, I used to sleep for two days together sometimes. Whenever I wanted to rise early I was always obliged to get up the night before.' This was said by the brazen attorney, from his seat at a side table, which was amply provided with a large dish of boiled potatoes, capacious jugs of milk, a quantity of cold meat and game. Murphy had his mouth half filled with potatoes as he spoke, and swallowed a large draught of milk as the stranger swallowed Murphy's lie. 'You don't eat potatoes, I perceive, sir,' said Murphy. 'Not for bweakfins,' said Furlong. 'Do you for thupper?' lisped Fanny. 'Never in England,' he replied."

This is intended as a portrait of the sister of a gentleman of family and fortune in the Irish provinces! The young lady is made to mimic a guest in the house of her brother-in-law, and to practise this gentlewomanlike accomplishment before his face! On the part of the ladies of Ireland we enter our decided protest against the fidelity of this delineation, and we take leave to add, that Mr. Lover might just as reasonably undertake to describe the habits of the *Missouri* *Theristrocaculodon*, having never seen even a skeleton of that gigantic animal, as the manners of a class of Irishwomen, which it is evident he has either wanted or neglected the opportunities of studying with sufficient closeness.

We know nothing in the novels of Paul de Kock more grossly indelicate than the situation in which a daughter of the above-mentioned Mr. O'Grady is placed by the brutality of her brothers, who force her into a room where Mr. Furlong, "of the Castle," is dressing for dinner; but gross as the situation is, the language which the writer puts into the young lady's mouth, on perceiving the horror of her position, is more indelicate still, and such as no well-bred young woman can be conceived to utter. The proceedings of the father, on discovering his daughter concealed under the bed of his guest, belong to the most outrageous farce, to say nothing of the appearance of an old lady, O'Grady's mother, upon the stage, who, though not represented as a lunatic, wears, by way of head-dress, a tin chimney-top, surmounted by a real weather-cock!

We apprehend there is something in the system of publishing novels in the magazines, or in weekly numbers, which encourages the production of extravagancies of this nature. There is a monthly effort to be very striking and very comical; not a moon must pass without raising a horse-laugh at some monstrosity or another. The author cannot afford to be quiet and serious for a number. He has no dependence upon the success of his work as a whole. Every chapter must produce some prodigious effect, and if possible be more astounding than its predecessor. Thus it is that Mr. Ainsworth provides such a supper of horrors; an assassination or a ghost in every monthly part; thus it is Mr. Lover has accumulated the collection of pranks and absurdities which form the staple of 'Handy Andy.'

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Domestic Residence in Switzerland. By Elizabeth Strutt, author of 'Six Weeks on the Loire,' &c. 2 vols. Newby.

In these days of universal travel, and travel-narrative, when all who run not merely read, but write, the name of Switzerland on a title-page is by no means "a word of promise to the ear;" but may, for that very reason, have the chance of occasionally standing as the sign of materials which exceed the reader's hope. Much as we have heard of Switzerland, our knowledge of its interior is not exactly in proportion to the familiar sound which the name bears; nor have those travellers taken all its features to heart who have crossed the Simplon, or visited its famous lake at Geneva or Lausanne. There are few beaten roads, anywhere, that do not hide unsuspected treasures, which it needs a certain gift of divination to discover; but Switzerland is a country, in the true sense, but half explored, and presenting, on the surface, unexplored materials. The naturalist, the botanist, the geologist, the painter and the poet, if they have the word of power that belongs to their several specialties, will, each, find something left, for the picking up, even where the stream of travel has been,—and whole districts of comparatively virgin soil, if they will leave the highways of nations, and pass, in the spirit of their respective inspirations, into its picturesque byways and remote valleys. It is on an artistic tour that Mr. and Mrs. Strutt, with their son, appear to have visited Switzerland; taking up their headquarters at La Tour de Peilz, a village near Vevey: and, though their excursions from this centre do not embrace a very wide circle, yet being conducted in the spirit of art and of inquiry, they led into scenes which have freshness to enhance their beauties, and turned up a passage or two which may be worth extracting for our readers. We will premise, however, that Mrs. Strutt has certain views and modes of thinking of her own, with which we do not always sympathize. To say that she has her prejudices, too, some personal and some accepted in the name of respectability (whose name they have no more right to use than the neighbour-opinions which they repudiate), is but to say, that, though a shrewd woman, with an eye and an understanding for the beautiful, she is not an observer of the first class, even within the compass of her own powers of observation:—and this it is better that we should say at once, and then leave her to speak for herself with the reader.

Taking up Mrs. Strutt on familiar ground, at Lausanne, a few remarks of hers will let the reader, at once, into her manner of writing and of independent thinking.

"At Lausanne we were fortunate enough to procure an apartment in the Rue du Bourg, so delightfully situated, that the lovely lake, with the Savoy mountains, and the dark rocks of Meillerie, were all before our eyes, as well as the town itself, with its fine promenades and public buildings, and its beautiful country houses and vineyards, sloping down to the lake, with the tower of Ouchy and the village of Pully forming pleasing varieties in the tranquil features of the bench. Nevertheless, as a residence we liked not Lausanne; it is, as the old poet says of Blois, "pas douce, ni au monter, ni au descendre," and the worst of it is, that of necessity, it is a perpetual scene of ascending and descending; inasmuch that those who have no carriages are overcome with fatigue and heat, whenever they go out, and those who have, are annoyed by seeing their horses continually in a fever of exertion, either pulling up or pushing back. Then the scenery immediately around has a sort of full-dressed sameness about it, which, though abounding in beautiful features, does not excite the mind to anything like healthy, liberty-breathing contemplation. The villas are, moreover, so thickly planted, and the occupants are so busy making morning calls, and talking of arrivals, and parties, and all the news

they can get together, that one thinks more of Cheltenham or Malvern, or any other well behaved place of fashionable resort in England, than of being among the grandest scenes in nature, in Switzerland. I often, now, however, feel surprised with myself for the indolence with which I stayed at home, day after day, quietly surveying the panoramic view before my eyes, without a spark of any thing beyond mere animal tranquillity; much, I imagine, resembling the frame of mind which Dr. Paley supposes to form the happiness of that respectable animal, an oyster—the oyster, however, had the advantage over me, in being submerged in salt water, instead of gasping on the shores of a lake; and here, I believe, is the secret of my dissatisfaction. I must plead guilty to not liking a lake; the knowledge that it is bounded, that it leads to nothing, always deprives it of everything like interest in my eyes; it is to me a sort of liquefied 'Happy Valley,' and I feel as impatient to get out of it as Rascals did to escape the scenes where the most anxious employment of their inhabitants was the invention of a new pleasure."

Her preference of Vevey is thus expressed:—"It has been said of Vevey, that it preserves a medium, a *juste milieu*, that most unpopular, perhaps because most honest and rational, of all grades of public opinion, between the rusticity of the Savoyard and the simplicity of the Valaisian—the sarcastic bluntness of the Bernese and the flattering amenity of the French. It has, likewise, another recommendation, to parents not an unimportant one, whilst the education of their children may be in progress, and that is, that its inhabitants speak French with a better accent and more correct idiom than are to be found in any other part of Switzerland. Its most natural and obvious attraction, however to strangers, is its situation; and in this respect its advantages are so strikingly superior to Lausanne, that it can only be from ignorance of them that any one who comes into the country to acquire an adequate idea of its scenery and manners, rather than to enter into a dull continuation of the formalities of set dinners and *automatonical* balls, can take up their residence, in preference, at the capital of the Canton de Vaud. The sociabilities of Vevey are more home-like, its solitudes more free, its associations less hackneyed; its proximities to the lake are immediate; we are on its very brink; we may walk to the edge, and catch the ripple of the tiny waves. The aspect of the mountains is much grander, and the rocks of Meillerie are near enough to us to reflect to our imagination the spirit of Rousseau, indistinctly seen in their solemn shadows."

Mrs. Strutt is, perhaps, a little more anxious than is needful to show that she is far too knowing to be taken in, like her neighbours, and that the tricks upon ordinary travellers are not quite clever enough to impose upon her. When we mention to our readers, too, as a specimen of her critical peculiarities, that she has discovered in Lord Byron's poem of 'The Prisoner of Chillon'—whose emphatic characteristics they may perhaps, like ourselves, have been in the habit of conceiving to be its matchless sweetness and simplicity—an "overstraining for effect," and a studied accumulation of horrors, they will probably be grateful to us that we have no intention to give them any examples of the critic's own poetry, interspersed throughout these volumes. Yet the lady succeeds in an occasional picturesqueness of expression, which is a poetical gift,—or, what is much the same thing, a gift of her own poetical art. For instance, gazing on a remarkable effect of minute and fac-simile reflection in the waters of the lake, producing, as she finely says, "a marvellous feeling of double existence—a solemn figure of the spiritual and material worlds, so closely joined though in union invisible,"—heightened by, every now and then, "a sound distant and deep, which we liked to imagine might be the fall of avalanches amongst some of those very mountains of Savoy which were now reflected at our feet, though at a distance of forty miles,"—she adds,—"Reluctantly we turned away from objects that looked as if they were destined to endure for ever, and

yet which the pigeon of the lake could, in an instant, have thrown into disorder by the dipping of its wing!"

Mr. Strutt having promised a friend in England to send him the portrait of Mr. Henchoz, the venerable and respected minister of Rossinière, the family broke temporarily up from their station at La Tour de Peilz, in pursuit of that object; and it is from the excursion through the Valais, which was its consequence, that our remaining extracts will principally be made, leaving the more familiar sites passed over in the latter portions of the volumes unexplored by this article. At Bulle, the travellers very naturally declined taking up their abode at the *Hotel de la Mort!*—notwithstanding the attempt to exorcise the evil omen of the name by the invocation on the wall:—

"A la Mort,
Bon logis
à pied et à cheval.
Le vin qu'on y boit
Guerira votre mal.
Entrez donc passans,
Assiéguez mon tonneau,
Ce n'est pas celui-ci
Qui conduit au tombeau."

At Gruyères,—familiar to all European ears, by means of the far-travelled cheeses made, in the district of which it is the capital,—Mrs. Strutt records a traditional incident; which includes an account of a curious dance called the *koraule*,—a sort of Swiss galopade, accompanied by couplets chanted in chorus, and which for its lengthened measure on the occasion in question, "lasting for a space of four leagues," was, ever after, distinguished by the name of *La Grande Coquille*.

"The Counts of Gruyères were for many centuries one of the most powerful of the sovereign houses in Helvetia. Tradition assigns them for their founder Gruernus, one of the seven chiefs under whom the Burgundians invaded the country. It might be to strengthen this supposition that they wore a *grue*, or crane, which still forms the crest of the town. The prosperity of this illustrious family appears to have been in its zenith about the middle of the fifteenth century; but the wars in which they were perpetually engaged, as well with the Italian States as with the powerful republics of Berne and Fribourg, between which their domains were unfortunately situated, gradually impoverished them, and obliged them to sell their seigniorial rights, one after another, to meet the exigencies of the moment. The fortunes of the house fell to the lowest pitch of their decadence under Michel, its last representative, 'le plus beau et le plus humain des chevaliers.' Of this Count Michel an anecdote, alike indicative of his gaiety and urbanity, is told. 'Il avait un jour, que le Comte de Gruyères, rentrant en son castel, trouva en dessous d'icelui, grande liesse de jouvencaux et jouvencelles, dansant en koraule. Le dit Comte, fort ami de ces sortes d'ébattemens, prit aussitôt la main de la plus gento de ces femmes, et dans tout ainsi qu'un autre. Sur quoi, aucun ayant proposé, comme par singularité, dont puisse être gardé souvenir, d'aller tousjours en dansant jusqu'au village prochain d'Enney, pas n'y manquèrent, et de cet endroit continua la koraule jusqu'au Château d'Oex dans le pays d'en haut; et c'était chose merveilleuse de voir les gens des villages par où passèrent, se joindre à cette joyeuse bande.'"

At Rossinière, our travellers made a considerable sojourn—upwards of six weeks—tempted by the poverty and simplicity of the place (in a country where the common proportions of this world's several goods among the poor is "six children and one goat"), and the opportunity of seeing mountain modes of life "nearly the same as they were two hundred years ago." Mr. Henchoz, the clergyman whom Mr. Strutt went to paint, "is rich for a Swiss pastor, his family having been settled in the valley for more than two hundred years, and always prosperous; but his income, amounting perhaps to two hundred pounds per annum, which constitutes a very considerable fortune in these parts, is all dispensed in acts of

benevolence and hospitality; and he has even refrained from marriage, in order that he might devote himself more actively to the duties of his calling." The following remarks on the Swiss clergy in general are worth extracting, as furnishing materials for a good deal of reflection; and the instance of perseverance in an idle pursuit to fill an idle life, with which they conclude, is too remarkable to be omitted.

"If I were a clergyman, I should like to be a Swiss; and if I were a Swiss, I should like to be a clergyman; with his pretty house and garden, always close to the church, and generally in an elevated situation; conspicuous, like himself, above those whom it is his lot to enlighten and direct. In a country where there are so few avenues open to certain income, combined with consideration in society, it is very natural that the clerical profession should be eagerly sought; particularly by young men who may likewise have a desire for more mental cultivation than it might otherwise be in their power to attain. Nevertheless, there are difficulties in the way, which, unless in some degree modified, will, in all probability, gradually diminish the number of desirable candidates for ecclesiastical situations. The education requisite includes a term of fourteen years; and when admitted into orders, they often remain for as many more as *suffragans*, on an income of five hundred francs per annum. The removal, by death, or change, of the minister they may serve, brings them no nearer filling his place; which is subjected to the choice of other older ministers, all of whom, in rotation, have the privilege of changing three times, before they are irrevocably planted; and whilst they are thus very naturally endeavouring to better themselves, the poor *suffragan* has, for the prime of his life, no other prospect than perhaps changing his humble situation for a worse. The livings are from sixty to eighty, one hundred, and one hundred and twenty pounds a year: the lonely and barren nature of the locality is sometimes admitted as a reason for increasing the stipend, and truly there are situations which require especial consolation. That of L'Etivaz, for instance, in the wildest and most secluded part of the mountains that separate the valley of Château d'Oex from the district of Aigle and Bex, the road to which is accessible only on horseback, or in long narrow cars of the roughest construction, and where the minister must throughout the winter be shut out from all communication beyond that with the labouring classes, who constitute almost the entire of his parishioners. It is the same at Ablents, on the edge of the Gessenai, which has been called the Siberia of Switzerland, and where there are only about eighty or ninety inhabitants, who, to use their own expression, have nine months of winter, and three of cold sun; and at Elm, in the Canton of Glaris, where, indeed, during six weeks of the winter, the sun is never seen at all. How valuable in such situations must be a love of books, a taste for astronomy, natural history, botany, mineralogy, or any other mental pursuit, wherewith to diversify the monotony of so secluded an existence. Thus it is with the minister at Ablents, who is deeply versed in mineralogy; and indeed so general is the love of letters and science among them, that a large portion of the most interesting topographical works connected with the history of the country, will be found to have emanated from the pen of its pastors; as the names of Bridel, Molinè, Chavannes, and many others amply testify. And here I must instance a very extraordinary production of the leisure of a minister at Berne, on the performance of which he bestowed twenty years. His object was to embody, in one composition, all the illustrious men that Switzerland has produced, with characteristic insignia of their respective offices and pursuits. The difficulty of such an undertaking may be easily imagined—to avoid confusion or formality, hardness or indecision, the glare of different costumes, or the monotony of uniformity; to vary the attitudes and the heads of more than two hundred figures, without any other incident in the piece for any one of them, than the being there to be looked at, was certainly an Herculean undertaking for an amateur artist: but what a happy man he was, to have, during the twenty years he was employed upon it, constantly an object that interested all his thoughts, and absorbed all his faculties, saving those, be it understood, claimed by

the duties of his office. When he lay down at night, his pillow was thronged with the groups which he had put on the canvas during the day, and when he arose in the morning he hastened to correct or alter them, according to the suggestions of his judgment during the undisturbed silence of the night. The scene of action was in itself no inconsiderable part of his labours: it represents an ancient hall, somewhat raised in the back ground, and lighted by long windows of painted glass, each compartment of which presents the armorial bearing of the cantons and most illustrious families. The architectural parts are exceedingly well managed, the perspective correct in drawing, and the lights judiciously dispersed. In the back ground are seen the early teachers of Christianity and of husbandry (as they wisely combined the two), with the ancient instruments of agriculture on the ground near them. A little way from them are the early warriors: first, Stauffacher and Melchelt, taking the oath to deliver their country from its oppressors, and William Tell listening to them, attended by his child, who carries in his hand an apple stuck on an arrow. In the centre is a very interesting group of the reformers, Calvin, Farrel, Theodore de Bèze, Zwingle, Bullinger, and others. Advancing still nearer to the present times, in the foreground we see Zimmerman, Pictet, Planta, Tissot, and other celebrated physicians, seated at a table on which is a bust of Hippocrates, and listening to a lecture from Haller. At the other side is a group of scientific men, among whom is Saussure, with a plan of the Alps before him; De Luc is attentively looking at Bonnet, the mathematician, who is demonstrating a problem to Euler. Behind them is a group of naturalists, among whom is Huber, the celebrated blind writer on Bees; opposite is a party of literary men; among them Rousseau stands pre-eminent. The worthy pastor much wished to introduce three other celebrated men, Gibbon, Voltaire, and Raynal, who paid Switzerland the compliment of making it their country of adoption; but as they were not natives, they came not within the limits of a plan already too comprehensive for easy management. He succeeded at last to his own satisfaction, by ingeniously contriving to place them at the outside of an open window, by which means also a view of the lake of Lausanne and of the surrounding country is very happily obtained; and making them look into the interior as spectators of the interesting groups it contains. The striking contrast of physiognomy and dress between Gibbon and Voltaire is prevented from being too much obtruded on observation, by the less marked countenance of Raynal, who, a step behind, acts as a combining incident between them. The whole is admirable: the style of painting is that of the early German school, and if it have a little of their usual fault of dryness, it has abundance of their general merits, in point of accuracy and finish."

We reserve a few more words and illustrative extracts for next week.

The Bible in Spain. By George Borrow. 3 vols. Murray.

THIS is an interesting, but a very odd, book, and we must not be accused of dealing lightly with serious subjects, if our review rather correspond with the humour of its author, than the solemnity of his title-page. Mr. Borrow's manner is decidedly original. In one page, by the *naïveté* of his digressions, he reminds us of the simple Irish priest, who interrupted himself while engaged in the celebration of Mass, to order "three *cheers*" for a leash of travelling ladies who presented themselves at the chapel-door (which order being understood according to its sound, as Father Prout narrates, was gallantly followed by a startling "*hip, hip, hurra*" from the whole of the congregation!). In another chapter the artless vividness of our author's style recalls the woodland and prairie gossip of Audubon or Catlin. Then, there is a touch of the picaresque in the excessive relish with which Mr. Borrow relates his wanderings among the gipsies, and snaps his fingers in the face of corregidores, alguazils, alcades, and all "their trumpery." Instead of arming himself for his missionary en-

terprises with "bible texts," he seems to have gone double-shotted with gibberish, by the discharge of which he astonished all, who would have molested him, into peace and silence. Instead of railing himself hoarse against priests, friars, monks, "black, white, and grey," after the established fashion of hot zealots, he lounges familiarly up to the Holy Father himself, claps him gaily on the shoulder, and with a good-humoured "*It's of no use, old fellow!*" thrusts a gipsy bible right into his face! Lastly, he begins and ends his narrations with the most cool disregard of his listeners' curiosity; and when, after a series of the strangest adventures that ever befell man since the days of Lazarillo de Tormes, he has fairly planted his amused audience in Barbary, he quickly turns on his heel, without a single "By your leave," makes his *exit*, and, as the German said, "tells good bye to nobody."

With such a guide we cannot but wander at our ease, secure, wherever we halt, of finding something noticeable in character or scenery. This week we will begin with a man of office, who made some noise in the world of European politics:—

"Early one morning I repaired to the palace, in a wing of which was the office of the Prime Minister; it was bitterly cold, and the Guadarama, of which there is a noble view from the palace-plain, was covered with snow. For at least three hours I remained shivering with cold in an ante-room, with several other aspirants for an interview with the man of power. At last his private secretary made his appearance, and after putting various questions to the others, addressed himself to me, asking who I was and what I wanted. I told him that I was an Englishman, and the bearer of a letter from the British Minister. 'If you have no objection, I will myself deliver it to His Excellency,' said he; whereupon I handed it to him and he withdrew. Several individuals were admitted before me; at last, however, my own turn came, and I was ushered into the presence of Mendizabal. He stood behind a table covered with papers, on which his eyes were intently fixed. He took not the slightest notice when I entered, and I had leisure enough to survey him. He was a huge athletic man, somewhat taller than myself, who measure six feet two without my shoes; his complexion was florid, his features fine and regular, his nose quite aquiline, and his teeth splendidly white: though scarcely fifty years of age, his hair was remarkably grey; he was dressed in a rich morning gown, with a gold chain round his neck, and morocco slippers on his feet. His secretary, a fine intellectual looking man, who, as I was subsequently informed, had acquired a name both in English and Spanish literature, stood at one end of the table with papers in his hands. After I had been standing about a quarter of an hour, Mendizabal suddenly lifted up a pair of sharp eyes, and fixed them upon me with a peculiarly scrutinizing glance. 'I have seen a glance very similar to that amongst the Beni Israel,' thought I to myself. . . . My interview with him lasted nearly an hour. . . . As I was going away, he said, 'Yours is not the first application I have had. Ever since I have held the reins of government I have been pestered in this manner by English, calling themselves Evangelical Christians, who have of late come flocking over into Spain. Only last week a hunchbacked fellow found his way into my cabinet whilst I was engaged in important business, and told me that Christ was coming. . . . And now you have made your appearance, and almost persuaded me to embroil myself yet more with the priesthood, as if they did not abhor me enough already. What a strange infatuation is this, which drives you over lands and waters with bibles in your hands. My good sir, it is not bibles we want, but rather guns and gunpowder, to put the rebels down with, and above all, money, that we may pay the troops; whenever you come with these three things, you shall have a hearty welcome, if not, we really can dispense with your visits, however great the honour.'"

A companion sketch of Isturitz has less colour; that of Galiano is something better; but for force

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and nature commend us to the portrait of the secretary of the Duke of Rivas. A change of ministry was thought by Mr. Borrow to be the right time to solicit permission to print the Bible; and, accordingly, Galiano gave him a letter of introduction to the Duke, in whose department was vested the power of granting it:—

"The Duke was a very handsome young man, of about thirty, an Andalusian by birth, like his two colleagues. He had published several works, tragedies, I believe, and enjoyed a certain kind of literary reputation. He received me with the greatest affability, and having heard what I had to say, he replied, with a most captivating bow, and a genuine Andalusian grimace, 'Go to my secretary; go to my secretary—*el hara por usted el gusto*.' So I went to the secretary, whose name was Oliban, an Aragonese, who was not handsome, and whose manners were neither elegant nor affable. 'You want permission to print the testament?' 'I do,' said I. 'And you have come to His Excellency about it,' continued Oliban. 'Very true,' I replied. 'I suppose you intend to print it without notes,' 'Yes,' 'Then His Excellency cannot give you permission,' said the Aragonese secretary: 'it was determined by the Council of Trent that no part of the scripture should be printed in any Christian country without the notes of the church.' 'How many years was that ago?' I demanded. 'I do not know how many years ago it was,' said Oliban; 'but such was the decree of the Council of Trent.' 'Is Spain at present governed according to the decrees of the Council of Trent?' I inquired. 'In some points she is,' answered the Aragonese, and this is one. 'But tell me who are you? Are you known to the British minister?' 'O yes, and he takes a great interest in the matter.' 'Does he?' said Oliban; 'that, indeed alters the case; if you can show me that His Excellency takes an interest in this business, I certainly shall not oppose myself to it.' The British minister performed all I could wish, and much more than I could expect. * * * He moreover wrote a private letter to the duke. * * * So I went to the duke and delivered the letter. He was ten times more kind and affable than before: he read the letter, smiled most sweetly, and then, as if seized with sudden enthusiasm, he extended his arms in a manner almost theatrical, exclaiming, 'Al secretario, el hara por usted el gusto.' Away I hurried to the secretary, who received me with all the coolness of an icicle: I related to him the words of his principal, and then put into his hands the letter of the British minister to myself. The secretary read it very deliberately, and then said that it was evident that His Excellency did take an interest in the matter. He then asked my name, and taking a sheet of paper sat down, as if for the purpose of writing the permission. I was in ecstasy—all of a sudden, however, he stopped, lifted up his head, seemed to consider a moment, and then putting his pen behind his ear, he said, 'Amongst the decrees of the Council is one to the effect'..... 'Oh dear!' said I."

Galiano now intercedes, and Mr. Borrow is favoured with another interview:—

"I remained with Oliban, who proceeded forthwith to write something, which having concluded, he took out a box of cigars, and having lighted one and offered me another, which I declined, as I do not smoke, he placed his feet against the table, and thus proceeded to address me, speaking in the French language:—'It is with great pleasure that I see you in this capital, and I may say, upon this business. I consider it a disgrace to Spain, that there is no edition of the gospel in circulation, at least such a one as would be within the reach of all classes of society, the highest or poorest; one unencumbered with notes and commentaries, human devices, swelling it to an unwieldy bulk. I have no doubt, that such an edition as you propose to print, would have a most beneficial influence on the minds of the people, who, between ourselves, know nothing of pure religion: how should they, seeing that the gospel has always been sedulously kept from them, just as if civilization could exist where the light of the gospel beamed not? The moral regeneration of Spain depends upon the free circulation of the scriptures; to which alone England, your own happy country, is indebted for its high state of civilization, and the unmatched

prosperity which it at present enjoys; all this I admit; in fact, reason compels me to do so, but'— 'Now for it,' thought I. 'But'—and then he began to talk once more of the wearisome Council of Trent, and I found that his writing in the paper, the offer of the cigar, and the long and prosy harangue were—what shall I call it?—mere *φλυαρία*."

Our author subsequently describes a *rencontre* with one whom he had before met "beneath the brick wall at Novogorod, then beside the Bosphorus," this brother rambler being none other than Baron Taylor, who was at that time on his mission for the purchase of Spanish pictures for the Louvre. But Mr. Borrow's likeness of the accomplished and ubiquitous connoisseur, is not remarkable for the closeness of its resemblance: and we prefer the full-length of one less renowned, but not less original: indeed, the history of Benito Mol reads more like a passage from a romance than a missionary memoir. But the reader must first make acquaintance with a merry Asturian narangero (orange-seller):—

"He was an Asturian by birth, about fifty years of age, and about five feet high. As I purchased freely of his fruit, he soon conceived a great friendship for me, and told me his history: it contained, however, nothing very remarkable. * * * He was a fellow of infinite drollery, and though he could scarcely read or write, by no means ignorant of the ways of the world: his knowledge of individuals was curious and extensive, few people passing his stall with those names, character, and history he was not acquainted. 'Those two gentry,' said he, pointing to a magnificently dressed cavalier and lady, who had dismounted from a carriage, and arm in arm were coming across the wooden bridge, followed by two attendants—'those gentry are the Infante Francisco Paulo, and his wife the Neapolitana, sister of our Christina; he is a very good subject, but as for his wife—*vaya*—the veriest scold in Madrid; she can say *carrajo* with the most ill-conditioned carrier of *la Mancha*, giving the true emphasis and the genuine pronunciation. Don't take off your hat to her, *amigo*—she has neither formality nor politeness: I once saluted her, and she took no more notice of me than if I had not been what I am, an Asturian and a gentleman, of better blood than herself. Good day, Señor Don Francisco. *Que tal* (how goes it)? very fine weather this—*vaya* su merced con Dios. Those three fellows who just stopped to drink water, are great thieves—true sons of the prison; I am always civil to them, for it would not do to be on ill terms; they pay me or not, just as they think proper. I have been in some trouble on their account: about a year ago they robbed a man a little further on, beyond the second bridge. By the way, I counsel you, brother, not to go there, as I believe you often do—it is a dangerous place. They robbed a gentleman and ill-treated him, but his brother, who was an *escribano*, was soon upon their trail, and had them arrested: but he wanted some one to identify them, and it chanced that they had stopped to drink water at my stall, just as they did now. The *escribano* heard of, and forthwith had me away to the prison, to confront me with them. I knew them well enough, but I had learnt in my travels when to close my eyes and when to open them; so I told the *escribano* that I could not say that I had ever seen them before. He was in a great rage, and threatened to imprison me; I told him he might, and that I cared not. *Vaya*, I was not going to expose myself to the resentment of those three, and to that of their friends; I live too near the Hay Market for that. Good day, my young masters—Murcian oranges, as you see; the genuine dragons' blood. Water sweet and cold. Those two boys are the children of Gabiria, comptroller of the queen's household, and the richest man in Madrid; they are nice boys, and buy much fruit. It is said their father loves them more than all his possessions. The old woman who is lying beneath yon tree is the Tia Lucilla; she has committed murders, and as she owes me money, I hope one day to see her executed. This man was of the Walloon guard:—Señor Don Benito Mol, how do you do?"

This Señor Don Benito Mol is the remarkable person we now propose to introduce to our readers:—

"He was a bulky old man, somewhat above the middle height, with white hair and ruddy features; his eyes were large and blue, and whenever he fixed them on any one's countenance, were full of an expression of great eagerness, as if he were expecting the communication of some important tidings. He was dressed commonly enough, in a jacket and trousers of coarse cloth of a russet colour; on his head was an immense sombrero, the brim of which had been much cut and mutilated, so as in some places to resemble the jags or denticles of a saw. He returned the salutation of the orange-man, and bowing to me, forthwith presented two scented wash-balls, which he offered for sale in a rough dissonant jargon, intended for Spanish, but which seemed more like the Valencian or Catalan. Upon my asking him who he was, the following conversation ensued between us:—'I am a Swiss of Lucerne, Benedict Mol by name, once a soldier in the Walloon Guard, and now a soap-boiler, para servir usted.' 'You speak the language of Spain very imperfectly,' said I; 'how long have you been in the country?' 'Forty-five years,' replied Benedict. * * * 'I should soon have deserted from the service of Spain, as I did from that of the Pope, whose soldier I was in my early youth, before I came here; but I had married a woman of Minorca, by whom I had two children; it was this that detained me in these parts so long; before, however, I left Minorca, my wife died, and as for my children, one went east, the other west, and I know not what became of them; I intend shortly to return to Lucerne, and live there like a duke.' 'Have you, then, realized a large capital in Spain?' said I, glancing at his hat and the rest of his apparel. 'Not a cuart, not a cuart; these two wash-balls are all that I possess.' 'Perhaps you are the son of good parents, and have lands and money in your own country, wherewith to support yourself.' 'Not a heller, not a heller; my father was hangman of Lucerne, and when he died, his body was seized to pay his debts.'"

In spite of these unpromising appearances, however, Benedict was sanguine as to his future fortunes. He would return to Lucerne, he said, in a coach drawn by six mules, and with a mighty treasure, which lay buried in a church at Compostella; and on Mr. Borrow expressing his disbelief in the existence of any such hoard,—

"My good German Herr," said Benedict, 'it is no church schatz, and no person living save myself knows of its existence. Nearly thirty years ago, amongst the sick soldiers who were brought to Madrid, was one of my comrades of the Walloon Guard, who had accompanied the French to Portugal; he was very sick, and shortly died. Before, however, he breathed his last, he sent for me, and upon his death-bed told me that himself and two other soldiers, both of whom had since been killed, had buried in a certain church in Compostella a great booty which they had made in Portugal; it consisted of gold moldores and of a packet of huge diamonds from the Brazils; the whole was contained in a large copper kettle. I listened with greedy ears, and from that moment, I may say, I have known no rest, neither by day nor night, thinking of the schatz. It is very easy to find, for the dying man was so exact in his description of the place where it lies, that were I once at Compostella, I should have no difficulty in putting my hand upon it; several times I have been on the point of setting out on the journey, but something has always happened to stop me. When my wife died, I left Minorca with a determination to go to Saint James, but on reaching Madrid, I fell into the hands of a Basque woman, who persuaded me to live with her, which I have done for several years; she is a great hax [witch], and says if I desert her she will breathe a spell which shall cling to me for ever. Dem Got sey dank—she is now in the hospital and daily expected to die.'"

Leaving untouched for the moment all the incidents of our author's ride into Galicia, we must follow the fortunes of this new pilgrim to Compostella:—

"I was walking one night alone in the Alameda of Saint James, considering in what direction I should next bend my course, for I had been already ten days in this place; the moon was shining gloriously, and illumined every object around to a considerable distance.

The Alameda was quite deserted; everybody, with the exception of myself, having for some time retired. I sat down on a bench and continued my reflections, which were suddenly interrupted by a heavy stamping sound. Turning my eyes in the direction from which it proceeded, I perceived what at first appeared a shapeless bulk slowly advancing: nearer and nearer it drew, and I could now distinguish the outline of a man dressed in coarse brown garments, a kind of Andalusian hat, and using as a staff the long peeled branch of a tree. He had now arrived opposite the bench where I was seated, when, stopping, he took off his hat and demanded charity in uncouth tones, and in a strange jargon, which had some resemblance to the Catalan. The moon shone on grey locks, and on a ruddy weather-beaten countenance, which I at once recognized: 'Benedict Mol,' said I, 'is it possible that I see you at Compostella?'

It came out that the half-orazed dreamer had "walked all the long way from Madrid," subsisting on charity:—

"O (he exclaimed) the misery of Galicia! When I arrive at night at one of their pigsties, which they call *posadas*, and ask for bread to eat in the name of God, and straw to lie down on, they curse me, and say there is neither bread nor straw in Galicia; and sure enough, since I have been here I have seen neither, only something that they call *broa*, and a kind of reedy rubbish with which they litter the horses; all my bones are sore since I entered Galicia."

Every day seemed only to strengthen the fancy which possessed Benedict. "The day after my arrival," said he, to take up his narrative at a subsequent period—

"I walked about all the city in quest of the church, but could find none which at all answered to the signs which my comrade, who died in the hospital, gave me. I entered several and looked about, but all in vain; I could not find the place which I had in my mind's eye. At last the people with whom I lodge, and to whom I told my business, advised me to send for a *meiga*. *Myself*. A *meiga*! What is that? *Benedict*. Ow! a *haxweib*, a witch; the Gallegos call them so in their jargon, of which I can scarcely understand a word. So I consented, and they sent for the *meiga*! Och! what a *weib* is that *meiga*! I never saw such a woman; she is as large as myself, and has a face as round and red as the sun. She asked me a great many questions in her Gallegan, and when I had told her all she wanted to know she pulled out a pack of cards and laid them on the table in a particular manner, and then she said that the treasure was in the church of San Roque; and sure enough, when I went to that church it answered in every respect to the signs of my comrade who died in the hospital. O she is a powerful *hax*, that *meiga*; she is well known in the neighbourhood, and has done much harm to the cattle. I gave her half the dollar I had from you for her trouble. * * Yesterday I went to one of the canons to confess myself, and to receive absolution and benediction; not that I regard these things much, but I thought this would be the best means of broaching the matter, so I confessed myself, and then I spoke of my travels to the canon, and at last I told him of the treasure, and proposed that if he assisted me we should share it between us. Ow, I wish you had seen him: he entered at once into the affair, and said that it might turn out a very profitable speculation: and he shook me by the hand, and said that I was an honest Swiss and a good Catholic. And I then proposed that he should take me into his house and keep me there till we had an opportunity of digging up the treasure together. This he refused to do."

But the canon's promised co-operation was of little avail. A short time afterwards, while Mr. Borrow was sitting in his large, scantily furnished and remote room, in an ancient "posada at Oviedo, formerly a palace of the Counts of Santa Cruz," Benedict Mol turned up again, and, as our readers will have conjectured, not yet in possession of his treasure. He had, indeed, fallen into trouble—made a wretched journey among the *bellotas*—been half-starved at Mondonedo, in spite of the orthodoxy of the town and his own high pretensions as a pilgrim, and now, with much grief of heart, came to the wise resolution

of leaving Spain for his native Switzerland as soon as he could obtain the means of transport:

"A strange man is this Benedict," said Antonio to me next morning, as, accompanied by a guide, we sallied forth from Oviedo; 'a strange man, mon maitre, is this same Benedict. A strange life has he led, and a strange death he will die,—it is written on his countenance. That he will leave Spain I do not believe, or if he leave it, it will be only to return, for he is bewitched about this treasure. Last night he sent for a sorciere, whom he consulted in my presence; and she told him that he was doomed to possess it, but that first of all he must cross water. She cautioned him likewise against an enemy, which he supposes must be the canon of Saint James. I have often heard people speak of the avidity of the Swiss for money, and here is a proof of it. I would not undergo what Benedict has suffered in these last journeys of his, to possess all the treasures in Spain.'"

Antonio was right; we cannot, however, make room for yet another reappearance of this indefatigable money-seeker at Madrid, as we must hasten to the end of the legend. In the last interview narrated by Mr. Borrow, Benedict's hopes were wilder than ever; he boasted of support he had received in his plans, made a better appearance in his dress, and laughed to scorn our author's warnings, to beware of the Spaniards, if, once being lured to partake in his hallucination, they should find themselves deceived:—

"He went, and I never saw him more. What I heard, however, was extraordinary enough. It appeared that the government had listened to his tale, and had been so struck with Benedict's exaggerated description of the buried treasure, that they imagined that, by a little trouble and outlay, gold and diamonds might be dug up at Saint James sufficient to enrich themselves and to pay off the national debt of Spain. The Swiss returned to Compostella 'like a duke,' to use his own words. The affair, which had at first been kept a profound secret, was speedily divulged. It was, indeed, resolved that the investigation, which involved consequences of so much importance, should take place in a manner the most public and imposing. A solemn festival was drawing nigh, and it was deemed expedient that the search should take place upon that day. The day arrived. All the bells in Compostella pealed. The whole populace thronged from their houses; a thousand troops were drawn up in the square; the expectation of all was wound up to the highest pitch. A procession directed its course to the church of San Roque; at its head was the captain-general and the Swiss, brandishing in his hand the magic rattan; close behind walked the *meiga*, the Gallegan witch-wife, by whom the treasure-seeker had been originally guided in the search; numerous masons brought up the rear, bearing implements to break up the ground. The procession enters the church; they pass through it in solemn march; they find themselves in a vaulted passage. The Swiss looks around. 'Dig here,' said he suddenly. 'Yes, dig here,' said the *meiga*. The masons labour, the floor is broken up,—a horrible and fetid odour arises. . . . Enough; no treasure was found, and my warning to the unfortunate Swiss turned out but too prophetic. He was forthwith seized and flung into the horrid prison of Saint James, amidst the execrations of thousands, who would have gladly torn him limb from limb. The affair did not terminate here. The political opponents of the government did not allow so favourable an opportunity to escape for launching the shafts of ridicule. The Moderados were taunted in the Cortes for their avarice and credulity, whilst the liberal press wafted on its wings through Spain the story of the treasure-hunt at Saint James. 'After all it was a *trampa* of Don Jorge's,' said one of my enemies. 'That fellow is at the bottom of half the picadías which happen in Spain.' Eager to learn the fate of the Swiss, I wrote to my old friend Rey Romero, at Compostella. In his answer he states: 'I saw the Swiss in prison, to which place he sent for me, craving my assistance, for the sake of the friendship which I bore to you. But how could I help him? He was speedily after removed from Saint James, I know not whither. It is said that he disappeared on the road.' Truth is sometimes stranger than fiction. Where in the whole cycle of romance shall we find anything more wild, grotesque, and sad,

than the easily authenticated history of Benedict Mol, the treasure-digger of Saint James?"

Here is a better Christmas tale than any concocted by poor weary Imagination for the *Annals*. We will not weaken its effect by drawing on the book for further matter, different in subject, yet not less novel and curious, since we must have another venture in Mr. Borrow's mine. Unlike Benedict Mol, we shall find the treasure we promise, and in rich profusion.

Recollections of Siberia, in the Years 1840 and 1841. By Charles Herbert Cottrell, Esq.

[Second Notice.]

SIBERIA, notwithstanding its boasted hospitality, its great rivers, boundless extent, and long list of indigenous nations, is still but a vast "Limbo, on the backside of the world far off," apparently designed by nature for a place of exile. European travellers, gliding over its snowy plains with horses at full speed, are pleased at the novelty, and being themselves luxuriously secured from the severity of the climate, they little heed the misery inevitably connected with it. They speculate too confidently on the prosperity of a country, in which the increase of the population falls short of the annual immigration; where man becomes in some degree a hybernating animal, and without a stock of comforts, more or less, cannot live through the winter; where the nose and ears must be wrapped in warm furs one half of the year, to prevent their being frost-bitten, and must be covered with a veil the other half, to save them from the mosquitoes.

At Yakutsk, in Eastern Siberia, and in the same parallel as the Faroe Islands, the mercury remained frozen, in 1828, for three months together. The thermometer has been known, in the same place, to descend 83° (Fahrenheit) below the freezing point. Yet Yakutsk is surrounded by forests of tall trees, and is by no means the coldest spot in that region. Our readers may, perhaps, recollect what we have elsewhere related (see *Athen.* No. 540), that the Russian-American Company bored for water in the courtyard of their establishment at Yakutsk 380 feet, and found the ground still frozen at that depth. Now this frozen soil must not be considered as a variable and incidental circumstance. The true view of the case is, that the region around Yakutsk, and extending thence north-eastwards, is formed of a rock of ice, probably about 400 feet in thickness, with a thin covering of soil during three or four months in the year. Further west the icy rock has less thickness, yet it clenches fast in its cold grasp the treasures which, under a warmer sun, would flow along in all the streams. Our author informs us, that near the river Birusa, separating the governments of Irkutsk and Yenisseisk, in the 55th parallel of northern latitude, some very rich gold sands were discovered a few years ago. A company was soon formed to wash these sands, but the undertaking was as quickly abandoned, the workmen being unable to proceed to any depth in the frozen soil; or in other words, the gold was found to be disseminated in an ice-rock, which called for the expensive process of smelting. The only advantage derivable from this frozen state of the ground, may be learned from the following passage of our author:—

"At Yakutsk, the inhabitants have cellars in all their houses, made in the frozen ground, precisely as we make ice-houses in this country. In summer, when the heat is as excessive as the cold is in winter, they place all their fresh provisions, such as milk, meat, and fish, in these cellars, where everything becomes frozen in two hours. They likewise construct their graves in this manner, excepting that they make large fires above, and burn the holes in the ground. In these they might easily keep their deceased friends, without going through the process of

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embalming them, in a perfect state of preservation for any length of time. Should this ever be done, it may afford new subjects of conjecture, after a lapse of thousands of years, perhaps, as interesting then as the Egyptian discoveries now are to us."

We mentioned a few years back (See *Athen.* No. 486), a fact illustrative of the remark here made: namely, that in 1821, the body of Prince Menchikof, who had been banished by Peter the Great, and had been buried under the portal of a little church built by himself in Berezof, was disinterred from the frozen soil in a state of perfect preservation. This disinterment took place in order to remove certain doubts entertained by Demetrius Kamenski, the author of an able 'History of the Contemporaries of Peter the Great.' Mr. Cottrell relates the decided opinion of M. de Hedenström, the precursor of Von Wrangell in the exploration of the Polar Sea, that the cold of Siberia decreases sensibly. But it appears to us that so general an inference cannot be safely drawn from observations made at Tomsk, or any other single place. Since, however, there is reason to believe that the greatest cold is in the vicinity of the Magnetic Poles, it is certainly a question worth the attention of philosophers, whether the distribution of cold in Siberia be not affected by the secular variation in the position of the secondary Magnetic Pole situate in that country.

The individual here named, M. de Hedenström, spent three years, viz. 1808, 1809, and 1810, on the shores of the Polar Sea, visiting New Siberia and the other islands of what he called the North-eastern Archipelago. From one of those islands he thought that he could discern land to the north, unapproachable however with the dog-sledges, an unfrozen sea intervening. M. von Wrangell could find no signs of this land, and consequently denies its existence; but M. de Hedenström still retains his belief, and we shall therefore here present an extract of the arguments on which it is founded:

"In May, 1810, being at sea two hundred and forty versts N.E. of Cape Argali, or Bear Cape, as it is called in Wrangell's map, he saw before him a light-blue ray, which by its colour and fixed position announced land in the distance. A thick fog, caused by the snow which fell about mid-day, slightly impeded his view, but a ray of the same description was from time to time discernible in a southern direction, where he knew the country of the Tchukches to be, and a still darker point he was convinced must be Cape Schelagskoi, though he did not venture to mark it on his map. The soundings constantly diminished, and in a few versts fell from eleven and a-half to eleven fathoms. Northward it was cloudy, and the bed of the sea seemed to be higher in that direction. The fissures in the ice from time to time impeded his progress, but, at last, one of sixty feet wide stopped him altogether, and showed a rapid current towards the S.W., or in a straight line between him and Behring's Straits. On some of these fissures he observed soil of a totally different description to that of the main land, but very like that of New Siberia, although it is too distant to allow of the supposition that it had been carried so far. It was more probable that it should have come from the presumed land northward, which is very likely to be the same substance as that of New Siberia. He saw also a white owl, and several flights of wild geese, all bearing in the direction of the blue ray, and he thinks they were going to build there, it being the season when they would naturally quit the water for a period."

In 1762, a Russian serjeant, Andréef, was sent from the Kolymá northwards, in one of the small *baidares*, or boats covered with skins, to explore those regions. On his return, he presented a sketch of a 'sage inhabited country in that direction. Captain Billings, afterwards, in going by land from the Kolymá to the country of the Tchukches, was accompanied by a non-commissioned officer, a Cossack Kobélef, who had learned at Anadriks the *patois* of these people. He related that he had heard from the Tchukches, that the vicinity of Cape Schelagskoi formerly contained a numerous nation called Schelagues, with whom they

were at constant war—that this nation was ultimately conquered, and fled with their reins to a large country to the northward, where they settled, and that the Tchukches took possession of the cape which they had evacuated. * * So satisfied was Hedenström of being able to realize this plan, and of getting across to Hudson's Bay, that he drew up a singular scheme of operations, which were laid before the late Emperor, and fully approved of by him. The events of 1812 and 1813 prevented it being put into execution; and Hedenström's health had suffered so seriously, that he would afterwards have been unable to attempt so difficult an enterprise. The question of the practicability and the utility of a north-west passage is now set at rest."

New Siberia and the islands around it have but a single claim to our attention; that, however, is a very remarkable one, and not easily disregarded: they are composed in a great measure of the bones of the mammoth, which were evidently borne thither and deposited in heaps by currents from the south; for the larger bones and the tusks, which sometimes exceeds 300 lb. in weight, are found chiefly on the mainland, while the smaller bones and fractured remains have been swept into vast heaps, in the islands to the north.

The tusks of the mammoth form an important article of trade; but the staple commodity of Siberian commerce is fur, and the hunting of the fur animals is at once the business and the pleasure of the scanty inhabitants of those wintry wilds:—

"Even when employed in agriculture, the peasant of these regions never forgets his rifle; if he is rich enough to possess one, it is seen dangling from his back on all occasions. In every part of Siberia the common people have a passion for the *chasse*, and in many it is the employment of their lives, and their principal means of subsistence. There is no word in any other language but the Russian, which expresses the meaning we intend to convey by the *chasse*. In Russian there are two words which comprise, in different senses, all that can be understood by the term. One is *okhóta*, which signifies exclusively any sort of sporting which is followed, as with us, solely for amusement's sake. The other is *promysle*, which implies that the person who is engaged in it does so for the sake of gaining subsistence by it, and exercises it as a *métier*. The first is consequently applied only to the amateur in the upper classes, while the latter belongs exclusively to the common people, as procuring for them the necessities of life. Angling for amusement would be called by the former name; herring, whale, pearl, or coral fishing by the latter. The *promysle* is a science which it requires time and practice to acquire. Killing the reindeer as they pass the rivers requires skill and cunning. This is done by means of a tame deer which is trained for the purpose, behind which the *chasseur* is masked, and fires with his rifle or bow and arrow on the herd as they cross. The Yukaghires, settled on the banks of the river Anuly, maintain themselves the whole year on the reindeer they kill in spring and autumn. At these seasons the poor animals are driven from the forests by the muskitoes, and take shelter from them in the rivers, and even on the sea-coast, where the does always produce, and return before winter to their homes, having been preceded by the bucks. The natives having discovered where a troop has passed before, conceal themselves in light canoes under the banks, and falling on the herd as they pass, attempt to turn them against the stream. While they are swimming about, being unable to land on either side, an expert matador, as rare here as in Spain, armed with a long pike, kills them one after another, till very often not a single one escapes. The wives and children throw nooses over the horns of the wounded animals, and drag them on shore. Still greater art and patience is required in catching the beasts, the sale of whose skins is the most valuable source of subsistence to the natives. The bear, the wolf, the black, blue, red, and white foxes, squirrels, sables, marten cats, beavers, &c. &c. are generally caught in traps, in order to injure the fur as little as possible. Each of these animals must be decoyed in a different manner, and by a different

bait, and much experience is required to know exactly what suits each particular kind. The squirrel especially changes its tastes continually, and must be treated with great nicety."

The Siberian sportsman carries a rest for his rifle, and takes aim in the slowest and most deliberate manner. He fears to waste his powder, which is exceedingly expensive. Yet with all his slowness, his skill is not the less conspicuous. Careful not to damage the fur, the Siberian hunter, it is said, always hits his game, whether great or small, in the muzzle, and is sure of his mark at a distance of two or three hundred paces. These hunters feel sensibly the ills which beset the operatives in every kind of industry. Not being in a condition to make advantageous terms with their employers, they are forced to rely on the kindness of those whose interest it is to make them cheap and keep them cheap. They thus become practically the slaves of the men whom they enrich, and who arrogantly affect to be the benefactors of the hunters, whom, for gain sake, they keep alive, and barely keep alive. The Russian merchant advances to the adventurous hunter the cost of his ammunition, his small stock of brandy and provisions. The latter then sets off to the dreary wilderness, where he spends the winter, and, for the result, we have it here in our author's words:—

"On his return home the poor *chasseur* finds his creditors waiting for him, pays his debts if he has been successful, and lays out the surplus in brandy. When the brandy is all gone, he lets himself out to assist the fishermen, with no wages but his food. Winter comes round again and brings the same train of life with it; if overtaken by illness or old age they perish miserably. This custom of spending their little all in brandy deprives them of the means of fitting themselves out for the *chasse*, and they must have recourse to credit. The petty merchants in the towns, Cossacks and priests, keep these wretched people in their debt for life. In October they provide them with the necessities for their expedition, and drive them as it were to it, being obliged to accompany them halfway for fear they should return, and barter their outfit away for brandy. The contract between them is simple enough. The *chasseur* is provided with everything on condition of giving up the whole of his booty to the purveyor on his return. A price is put on the different skins, always in favour of the creditor, who repays himself, and gives the remainder of the produce to the *chasseur*. If the expedition turns out badly, the poor man's debt cannot be discharged, and then interest accumulates on interest, till he has never a prospect of being out of debt as long as he lives. The consequence is, that every stratagem is adopted to defraud the creditor, not from sheer dishonesty, but in order to have wherewithal to satisfy the passion for brandy, without which they cannot live."

In Eastern Siberia, pastoral habits have penetrated further northward from the Mongolian deserts, and have increased the resources of the inhabitants. Among the Yakuts, the warmth of the air-tight dwelling is in a great measure owing to their cows. The same people keep great numbers of horses, which are employed in the intercourse between Irkutsk and Kamchatka. Our author describes these horses, which are considered to be the best in Siberia, at some length; yet we are nearly certain that he has never seen any of them, or else he could hardly have omitted to state that the Yakut horses are generally white. In the neighbourhood of the Yakuts are some of that race who now rule over China, but how different in fortune and in habits from their educated kinsmen of the south, may be judged from the following description:—

"Of all the Nomadic tribes in this part of East Siberia, the Tonguses are the most uncivilized and improvident. Descended originally from the Mandchus, they have lost all resemblance with those of the present day. Excepting those who live in the vicinity of Nerchynsk, the Tonguses keep neither

horses, cattle, nor dogs. They subsist solely by trapping animals for their fur, and in the long day-less winter are in great misery, and reduced to beg from their Russian neighbours. Their *gourtes* or huts are pretty much of the same description as those of the Kirghis. * * As long as the provisions last, the Tongue never does anything but eat, smoke, and sleep; should he kill nothing, he comes home without saying a word, sits down by the fire, lights his pipe, and then tightening his girdle, goes to sleep. The wife and family do the same, and all go supperless to bed: fastening the belt tight round the stomach is supposed to prevent them feeling hunger. A Tongue gives the first animal he kills in the day, be it however valuable, to the first person he meets, because he attributes his success to this person's luck."

The Burats south of Irkutsk are also described by our author, but with a faintness of delineation which shows that he saw nothing of them. The Burats are a very handsome Mongolian nation, having all the wealth and more than the usual civilization, which belong to the pastoral state. They are worshippers of the Dalai Lama, and have borrowed, with the religion, the literature also, the showy rites and the singular church music of Thibet. Moorcroft's description of the processions of the Thibetan monks, with their pipes and horns, drums, and gigantic sackbuts, accords most minutely with what Ermann witnessed on the banks of the Selenga. Two English missionaries established themselves in Selenginsk, about five and twenty years ago, but received orders to quit it immediately, just at the time when our author arrived at Irkutsk. He says of them:—

"They had a printing press established at Selenginsk, and having learned the Russian, Mongolese, and Thibetan languages, they have circulated the Scriptures in each of these languages in great numbers. But that it appears is almost the only result of twenty-three years' labour and banishment. Their establishment was exceedingly comfortable; they were, in the first instance, patronized strongly by the late Emperor Alexander, who built them houses, and gave them grants of lands, and they were so completely domesticated there, that we believe no child ever felt a greater pang in being torn for the first time from his mother's side, than these worthy men did in leaving Siberia. They were in Moscow and Petersburg during the same time as ourselves, and we would gladly have done anything in our power to assist them, and as we went to Moscow with the governor-general, who they imagined to be the cause of their being sent away, we hoped to have been of service, but it was too late. The general is himself a Protestant, and in every way disposed to lend a favourable ear to them, but the complaint made against them by the bishop of the diocese was, that they were not content with failing to convert the Burats themselves, but endeavoured to persuade them not to be baptized by the Russians, whom they represented as idolaters as much as themselves. If this was the case, and this was the statement laid before the synod at Petersburg, from whom their sentence of expulsion emanated, they could not complain of their fate."

In Siberia are to be found, in abundance, adventurers and vagabonds of all nations; professors of alchemy, over-refined diplomatists, professional spies whose business has left them, and flashy impostors of all kinds, whose talents being duly appreciated by the eastern autocrat, have been rewarded with important posts and salaries of 20*l.* a year. Here is, however, an account of a singular individual, doomed, we might almost say, to be a wanderer by the *fairness* of his character:—

"We found at Tomsk a singular individual, a countryman of our own, who has established there a *traktir*, or little inn, with a billiard-room, the first of the sort which was known in this town. His name is Crawley; and he is one of the family of Albinoes, who was exhibited in London some years ago, and afterwards travelled all over Europe, into Greece and Turkey, and then thought he should make a good speculation of going to China. His father was brought by some traveller from Abyssinia as a young man,

and married in London an English woman, and took her name. The offspring of this marriage was five children, three sons, all like the one at Tomsk, and two daughters of the mother's complexion. The one in question is now nine and thirty, has very long hair like a woman's, which is tied up behind in a *queue*, milk white, and as fine and soft as silk. He has a fair complexion, and little or no beard, and all the hair on his body is the same colour as that of his head. His eyebrows and eyelashes are the same, and his eyes rose-coloured, something lighter than a ferret's. He has long ceased to exhibit himself for money; but made a great deal at Petersburg and Moscow. After that time he did not find so many curious persons on his journey eastward to Siberia, and finding his purse diminish, thought it better not to risk spending the rest for nothing, or his plan was to go to China. His remaining capital he expended in buying some premises at Tomsk, and says he is doing well, and should do very well, but for the long credit he is obliged to give to a certain class of his customers, many of which debts, in the long run, become very bad ones. He has been established there about three years, and is evidently flourishing, from his having bought a new house last winter for a considerable sum of money. He speaks five or six languages."

In a country of adventurers, the discovery of mineral treasures will necessarily decide the occupation of thousands. The multitudes who are ruined by mining speculations sink into obscurity, and are never after thought of; while those who succeed catch the eye, and lure on others to the game. Here is our author's account of gold mines discovered near the rivers Touba and Ken, in the government of Yenisseisk, and which now yield to a single individual above 100,000*l.* a year:—

"Before the year 1829 no gold was found in this part of Siberia, and, in fact, very little to the east of the Ural. In that year, a merchant at Tomsk, of the name of Popof, who was already possessed of a very considerable fortune, heard accidentally that a deserter, concealed in the woods, a hundred and fifty versts east of the town, had found gold in the sands. He was an old man, and had a daughter, through whose means Popof discovered the place where her father had been digging, and immediately got a grant of the district. At first he was not very successful, the produce being only about half a *zlotnik* to a hundred puds of sand washed. He then changed the theatre of his speculations, and removed his establishment to the northward, sixteen hundred versts north of Tobolsk, and north-west of Berdzof. Here he found gold, but not in great quantities; and as the soil there is constantly frozen, the expense was very great; and all the necessities of life extremely dear, no houses, and few workmen to be obtained. After having spent in all sixty-three thousand roubles, he returned to his former field of operations, and at the time of his death, in 1832, had succeeded in amassing four or five puds of gold annually. But before he did this, he had searched in three hundred different spots in the neighbourhood of Tomsk. A short time previous to his death, he is said to have lent to Mr. Astaschéf, of whom we have spoken, forty thousand roubles to begin his researches with. About the same period, came a rich merchant from Ekaterinburg, of the name of Riazánof, with a capital of two hundred thousand roubles to embark in the same speculation, and spent the whole of it without finding any gold. At last he fell in with a rich vein near the small river Kundustnik, of which Mr. Astaschéf gained intelligence, and made his application for the ground, so as to deprive the other of his lawful property, after so much time and money had been thrown away, before he was lucky enough to hit upon the treasure. A lawsuit on the subject was the consequence; but Riazánof finding that his rival had too much protection, and that he should probably lose his action, saw there was nothing for it but coming to a compromise with him. The little river near which they had commenced operations, is about a hundred versts in length, and they agreed to divide it. The speculation turned out well, the produce being a *zlotnik* to the hundred pud, or double what Popof had found. After this they formed a company, together with several of the first personages at Petersburg, as it is said the management, of course, being with the former, and the

latter being what we call sleeping partners, except that their capital and influence, if required, made them very desirable associates. The Emperor is reported to have heard of this confederation, and to have hinted to some of the parties that it was contrary to law for them to be concerned in such an enterprise, and in consequence, they sold their shares to Mr. Astaschéf, who is now a *millionaire*."

To this account our author characteristically adds the following remark:—"Should such immense profits, however, be realized for any length of time, it is just possible that the government may interpose and claim some share of the proceeds, at least by increasing the tax, which is now of a trifling nature, and there cannot be said to be any great injustice done, we apprehend."—"If justice be a matter of principle, and not merely of convenience, the proceeding here indicated would unquestionably be grossly unjust. The Russian government has never stepped forward to pay a share of the losses in these hazardous speculations: then why should it claim a participation in the gains? What idea can that man attach to the term property, who thinks that a government has a right to decide arbitrarily, and without reference to any established rule, *how much* a man may possess, and thus to pillage the wealthy? Then as to the tax, the proposition of making a law for the sole purpose of attacking the property of an individual, is obviously indefensible. We cannot help thinking that our author is as little acquainted with the philosophical grounds and principles of criminal jurisprudence, as with those relating to property. Let the flippancy of the following passage be well considered:—

"In those times the knout was an instrument that with the handle and apparatus weighed sixteen pounds: it is now limited by law to *two*. A man had been guilty of some crime, such as we have related, and the then governor-general determined to make an example of him, and he was sentenced to receive one hundred and eighty blows with this formidable weapon at two periods, ninety at each. The law now limits it to twenty-five. Mr. de Hedenström had a French servant who was always boasting that he had seen and done all sorts of things, but his great anxiety was to see a man knouted. His master told him there was now a capital opportunity for him to gratify his curiosity; he rubbed his hands and was *enchanted*. As soon as the culprit was undressed and tied to the post, the Frenchman's courage began to ooze out at his fingers' ends, and at the first blow he fainted away. The fellow received the ninety cuts, and was taken to the hospital, where the Frenchman went to visit him. At the end of a fortnight he was in a state to receive the other ninety *coups*, which were accordingly administered to him, and still he did not die under the operation. He lingered, however, only a week in the hospital, because it was in winter, when they say it is difficult to cure them, but that in summer he might have been saved, which, however, of course was not the intention of the governor. After a punishment of a much less horrible nature than this, if they give the sufferer a little brandy to restore him in the hospital, he generally gets over it, but if they wish to dispatch him they have only to give him a glass of water, which brings on apoplexy and instant death."

This is the terrible punishment which the Empress Catherine occasionally inflicted on the ladies of her court. Our author cannot conceal the pleasure he feels in describing it. He ushers in his account of it with an invective, in strained and exaggerated language, against the villany of culprits in general. He points out the diminished weight of the knout, as a proof that those baneful doctrines of humanity, to which he is so adverse, have extended even into Russia; and gives an instance of the severe application of that instrument of torture, to prove the spirit and judgment of the governor-general who ordered it. But Mr. Cottrell openly contends against anything like leniency in the administration of justice; he conceives that punishments cannot be too bar-

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barous. He thus develops his views on this subject:—

"In those times (thirty years ago) the crime of murder was punished by having the nostrils torn out with hot pincers, an operation which, though not strictly speaking agreeable, is not to be compared to the pain of half a dozen blows with the knout. This has been long since abolished, and it is considered in Siberia, by many, that this act of humanity was productive of much evil, as it stamped an indelible mark upon the culprit by which he could be for ever recognized, that branded him with ignominy, and prevented him ever making his escape from his place of exile. This it was in fact which prevented the *Taysha* in question from returning to his home; he was sure to be informed against by his successor, who might be jealous of his recovering his authority, or some one else to whom he had done an injustice; and the internal rage he felt at the impossibility of concealing his shame, prompted him to die in exile rather than escape like his companions. Crime has increased to a notorious extent since that fatal mark has been abolished; the convicted felon is now merely branded on the forehead with a hot iron, of which all trace can easily be removed in a few days by the application of three slices of garlic on the three letters. In the other case the criminal could literally not show his nose, without being recognised, and all attempt at escape was, therefore, hopeless. An outcry is raised when the knout is talked of, but not a word in pity for the poor wretches who are barbarously murdered by these ruffians in the way we have before described."

Here we have vindictive justice plainly advocated, and the gravest questions handled with offensive levity. We have always understood, and do still believe, that splitting of the nose, as well as branding on the forehead, always follow the punishment of the knout, which proves fatal, it must be observed, in a majority of cases. Some expire under the infliction, others, two or three days after. When Mr. Cottrell writes that the punishment of death is reserved, in Russia, for high treason alone, he only satisfies us of his giddy and undiscerning habits. The knout may in all cases cause death, but it is sure to do so if the magistrate chooses, and even the attendants in the prison, as our author himself shows us, have it in their option to save, or to kill, the tortured man. So much for that brutal and unsteady system of punishments which our author would doubtless introduce into his native country, unconscious, as he appears to be, of its superior civilization.

On his route back from Siberia, he visited Kasan, of which he remarks that it was burned down in 1815. His volume was, we presume, in the press when that handsome, but ill-fated, city, was again completely consumed, and with its public library was destroyed the finest collection of oriental manuscripts made in recent times. The Anglomaniacs, said to be so prevalent in Moscow, do not surprise us; the Russians have been always famous for their imitative talents, but we do not feel bound to respond to it, by any Russomania here. For the pleasantries and smart sayings which Mr. Cottrell (who would call them *nots*) has scattered through his pages, we refer to his volume, which will amuse, without misleading, those who shall have paid due attention to the strictures made on it in our columns.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

The Parent's Hand-book, or Guide to the Choice of Professions, Employments, and Situations, by J. C. Hudson, Esq.—This little work contains succinct information respecting the preparations necessary for entering professional life, and an estimate of the emoluments which may be expected under ordinary circumstances. It will be of service in guiding the wealthy or influential in selecting the path of public life which they should wish their children to pursue; and it ought to be of still greater service to those who possess neither great wealth nor powerful interest, in deterring them from educating young men for the

church, the army, or the navy. The university advantages attached to particular schools, names, and localities, render the church a more accessible, and perhaps a more favourable profession for young men of the middle classes, whose circumstances or position afford them a fair chance of participating in exhibitions, scholarships, fellowships, and endowments; and the sale of presentations, which are advertised every day, may enable parents to obtain an annuity for a son at a moderate price: but the army and navy are only open to expensive purchase, united to political influence; and a prudent parent will hesitate before he indulges his son's taste for scarlet and gold lace, which, in nineteen cases out of twenty, is the passion represented by youths as a thirst for military glory. This little volume is pre-eminently practical; the writer makes no reflections on the arrangements he describes, and deduces no inferences from the facts which he states; but few can read of the usages by which professions are regulated in this country, without seeing that they are characterized by a spirit of exclusiveness and unfairness; that their principle of government is to strengthen those who are already strong. The account which Mr. Hudson gives of the disposal of places in the public offices of government, exhibits a picture scarcely less deplorable than that which he has drawn of clerical and collegiate endowments. We trust that his work will have the effect of directing public attention to the subject, and that an effort may be made to open to honourable exertion and honest competition those places which are now reserved for very questionable services.

The Botanical Looker-Out, &c., by Edwin Lees.—Any work which contains descriptions of the woods and fields, and the thousand things of beauty which they present as the Year goes round, is sure to be welcomed by us. The sight of these pages exercises a spell like that of the song of the bird "at the corner of Wood Street" over Wordsworth's Susan. In place of a crowded library, made all the dingier by the pertinacious fogs of early Winter, we have

A mountain ascending, a vision of trees—

in place of sour critical questionings—but we had better stop, ere "babbling of green fields" make us childish. To speak, then, without visionary influences, this book by Mr. Lees is a pleasant chronicle of the months; full of wholesome prose, starred with scraps of poetry. We like it none the less, because its botanical researches contain constant references to one of the loveliest districts in England—South Wales and its neighbourhood; the author's general descriptions acquire thereby a local colour, which enhances their interest. On the whole, the 'Looker-Out' is to be recommended as a Christmas present.

A Glance at the Temple Church, by Felix Sumner.—A useful little manual, which contains a sketch of the history of the building, and an account of the late restorations. It is got up in a pretty fanciful style, and is illustrated by many woodcuts.

The Bijou Almanack.—This prettiest of literary trifles comes forth this year under the protecting patronage of Miss Mitford, and is graced with portraits of the Prince of Wales, the King of Prussia, the Duchess of Orleans, Miss Adelaide Kemble, Samuel Rogers, and Herr Döbler. The portraits we must leave to be judged by younger eyes than ours; but of the descriptive letter-press we can offer a sample, so that our readers may decide for themselves. Here are the—

INTRODUCTORY STANZAS.

Seven years are gone since first we won

A look from cordial faces,

And now we strike our octave, like

A minstrel used to praises.

And if you say we fall away

From first notes which were sweeter,

Ah Lady Flowers, brave Bachelors,

Do seven years spare you better?

So throw us down, for silver crown,

One smile, and we release you;

There's Puck may brook to kiss the book,

And swear 'twas meant to please you.

But the tiny volume offers variety. We have verses

to the—
Little Prince, who liest warm,
Cradled on a snowy arm;
and to all others whose portraits figure here, including the Bard of Memory, and the "bright daughter of a gifted line"—

As some strange comet brief and bright
Thy genius flashed across the night,
A moment cast its lambent flame
O'er the proud scene of Siddons' fame,
Then sought a calmer happier bourn,
And left the admiring crowd to mourn.

We may here mention, that the Queen of Prussia has written an autograph letter, and presented, through the Chevalier Bunsen, a gold medal to Mr. Schloss, the publisher of the 'Bijou Almanack,' in acknowledgment of the copy received of the King's Cologne speech, printed in letters of gold by Mr. Schloss.

A Voice from the Town, and other Poems, by J. B. Rogerson.—Mr. Rogerson has made himself a reputation in the world in which he lives, and gained many well-wishers beyond it, by a previous volume entitled 'Rhyme, Romance and Revery,' in which he aimed at expressing more than one of the moods of the lyre,—passing "from grave to gay, from lively to severe,"—and recorded some pleasant thoughts and graceful fancies. His present volume will be less popular, because it is less varied; but it exhibits the same pure tastes and right feelings—a little too much, perhaps, "sicklied o'er with the pale hue" of sentiment, and a trifle too fondly indulging in personality, and betraying the consciousness of *clique*. This very circumstance, however, procures for the reader glimpses into that ideal kingdom which such persons as the author and his friends have conquered for themselves amid the asperities of an unpropitious fortune: showing how humble and gifted men have contrived to seek each other out, by the sound of the harp-string, over the rough places of life, and set up a rest for its weariness in that sort of association wherein they hand round from one to another the intellectual "cup," with its sweetening of mutual praise and gratulation "which cheers but not inebriates." Mr. Rogerson, an inhabitant of Manchester, writes down the list of his literary club with evident satisfaction, and poetical comment: and in it figure names—such as those of Samuel Bamford and John Critchley Prince—with which the readers of the *Athenæum* have, already, made acquaintance. The fact is worth noting, among the signs of the times: and improved happiness and goodness may be looked for as conditions of a society, in which the compensations that men seek for the austerities of a hard lot are based upon a sense of intellectual worth, and supplied by the exercise of an intellectual faculty.

The Ancient Gothic Church, and other Poems.—The description of this ancient church is, perhaps, a trifle too diffuse for a good business document; otherwise, it is given with such professional exactness, and about as much poetry, as might serve for the specification in an architect's office:—and the minor poems that accompany it are such as the clerks might have scribbled on waste-paper, when they should have been employed in copying the aforesaid specification.

New Novels.—A rush of new novels is as sure a sign that Christmas is coming, as the appearance of holly and turnip nose-gays in Covent Garden Market, or *bombons* in the confectioners' shops. To all, inasmuch as they imply the return of a season which *shall be merry*—let Time treat us how he will—grace and welcome! But, alas! we are critics, as well as Christmas revellers: and, in spite of every kind thought which it is the nature of the season to awaken, dare not lay by our old puritanical habit of truth-telling. Thus, when we open *The M.D.'s Daughter*, by the author of the *M.P.'s Wife*, we must remark, that the new tale by no means equals its predecessor. That, if our memory serve us, was a fairly written story of woman's ambition; this is merely a melodramatic combination of May Fair manners and Minerva Press crimes. The M.D.'s daughter and her lover are gratuitously harassed and tried by the machinations of a sister of the hero, who, to prevent his marrying, spreads the report that the young lady is subject to fits of insanity, trafficking openly with the basest of agents, for the accomplishment of her horrible purpose. The droll of the story is an Irishman; the tragic interest is, in part, maintained by continental gambling scenes. The conclusion is such as to satisfy all lovers of poetical justice. We must be pardoned for adding, that we hope the author will not carry further his plan of exhausting the alphabet for titles; being a little afraid of 'The M.A.'s Aunt,' 'The Q.C.'s Son-in-Law,' and a long line of

similar fictions yet unborn, but, by implication, here threatened.

Louisa, or the Bride, by the author of 'The Fairy Bower.'—We like this story, though it belongs to the class of religious novels, to which we have a general objection. There is not a trace of sectarianism in its pages; while true social wisdom is inculcated, and a knowledge of character displayed, deep in proportion as it is fine. The young wife of a rich husband, far older than herself, is one of those romantic and conscientious people, who, in her anxiety to escape from worldly thoughts and prejudices, runs into the opposite extreme. On coming into a new neighbourhood, she at once becomes intimate with a warm-hearted and ill-mannered family; and hence separates herself from others better worth knowing. As Time rolls on, however, she discovers that warmth of profession and rudeness of speech do not always imply high principle and truth. She becomes entangled in affairs repulsive to her own sense of delicacy and uprightness, and is only extricated after having suffered much misjudgment among her neighbours, consequent upon a preference as unfortunate as it was hastily conceived. Such is the story; and a certain prosiness in the outset allowed for, we hardly remember a tale which we would more unhesitatingly place in the hands of the young.

Lady Singleton, or the World as it is, by Capt. Medwin, is a second edition, with important additions, of a sketch published not long since, in *Fraser's Magazine*. We prefer the shorter version of the tale, which we remember as a forcible and pathetic illustration of the criminality of mercenary marriages. Here, when elaborating his idea into a three-volume novel, our author is beaten by many of his compeers—to go no further, by the author of 'The Maneuvring Mother.' He has been obliged to spread out his episodic matter unreasonably, and to lengthen some of the best scenes till they become monotonous and heavy. So much for fault-finding. Still there have been days when 'Lady Singleton' might have claimed its thousands of readers, its couple (at least) of authentic keys, and its half-dozen of editions. For force and reality, it exceeds any of Capt. Medwin's former works. We read it with as much interest as if the scheming Lady Gretton, and her delicate but facile victim Emily, and Herbert Vivyan, the discarded type of manly constancy, and Lord Singleton, the selfish man of the world, had been strangers to us.

After so feverish and exciting a story, a rough, bluff, tough book, like Mr. M. H. Barker's *Naval Club*, has its value as a tonic. Not that the 'Old Sailor's' prescription is to be taken without grains of allowance. He has a lurking fondness for scenes of rapine and massacre, which stains a good half-hundred of his pages; and we are tired of the Negro Malaprop which he is very fond of employing among his subordinate characters. Nevertheless, his "yarns" are passable amusement for a winter's evening: some of them awaken a strong interest, and the leaning of them all is to the side of the manly virtues. Many of the incidents are probably founded on reality,—at least the tale of Miss Mary Malone's abduction and implacability, in the third volume, is identical with a powerful Irish story, 'Miss Biddy Whelan's Business,' which appeared not long since in *Blackwood's Magazine*.

We must close our Cabinet of Fiction for this week, with a work shorter and less pretending than any of the above, but superior in interest and character. This is *The Jewess: a Tale from the Shores of the Baltic*, by the Author of the 'Letters from the Baltic,' and merely an offset from that clever book,—since we had there the picture of the Jewess, as she sat among her wares, in the streets of Reval, and there, too, the interior of the Baron's mansion, with its serfs and its spinning-girls, and the spoilt upper servants, who form so essential a part of every feudal establishment; and there, too, the English lady married to the foreign nobleman: all of which are reproduced here, with the slightest possible touch of fictitious colouring. The husband of the Jewess is a smuggling pedlar, whom the lady of the castle tries to screen from the Custom-house officers of the district; and this simple incident, with an escape scene on the ice, makes up the story. But it is told with so much life and reality, that we cannot but encourage its authoress to wider flights in fiction. By her aid, and that of Frederika Bremer, (whose other novels we

hope to see, through the agency of Mary Howitt) and, above all, by Kohl's admirable work, the English public have a chance of being familiarized with 'Life in the North.'

List of New Books.—Memoirs of the Life, Ministry, and Character of Rev. W. Jones, late Wesleyan Minister, by the Rev. Richard Rymer, 4s. 6d. cl.—The Christian's Privilege, by the Rev. D. Robinson, M.A. 2nd edit. 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.—Cheffins' Map of the Railways in England and Scotland, coloured, in case, 2s. 6d. cl.—White's Modern Geography, 12mo. 2s. 6d. cl.—The Ball-Room Annual for 1843, 32mo. 1s. swd. gilt.—The Hand-Book of Architecture, new edit. 32mo. 1s. cl. swd.—Tynms' Family Topography, Vol. VII, 12mo. 5s. cl.—A Collection of Remarkable Charities, by H. Edwards, post 8vo. 6s. cl.—Neander's (Dr. A.) Life and Times of St. Bernard, translated by Matilda Wrench, 8s. 7s. 6d. cl.—Herbert Tresham, a Tale of the Great Rebellion, by Rev. J. M. Neale, 8s. 7s. 6d. cl.—Weber's Theory of Musical Composition, 8vo. 14s. 6d.—Warner's Dictionary of Musical Terms, 8vo. 4s. cl.—Oxford, its Colleges, Chapels, and Gardens, drawn by W. A. Delamotte, lithographed by W. Gauci, 26 views, imperial folio, 4s. 4s. hf-morocco.—Magazine for the Young, 1842, 24mo. 2s. 6d. cl.—The Writer's and Student's Assistant, 4th edit. 16mo. 3s. cl.—Ramsey on the Doctrine of Election, 18mo. 4s. 6d. cl.—Sewall's Popular Evidences of Christianity, 12mo. 7s. 6d.—Grant's (A.) Nestorians, or Lost Tribes, 2nd edit. 12mo. 6s. cl.—Joshiah, by Author of 'Gideon,' 12mo. 4s. 6d. cl.—The Missionary Repository for Youth, Vol. IV, 1842, 8s. 7s. 6d. cl. gilt.—The Tongue of Time, or the Language of a Church Clock, by Rev. W. Harrison, A.M. 2nd edit. 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.—Family Prayers, by Rev. E. Bickersteth, 2nd edit. 8s. 7s. 6d. cl.—Polylogy, a Dual-line Version of some of his Paraphrases of Wisdom and Learning, 2 vols. post 8vo. 12s. cl.—What is the Power of the Greek Article? by John Taylor, 8s. 7s. 6d. cl.—Chambers's Educational Course, English Grammar and Composition, Part II, 'Syntax and Prosody,' 12mo. 1s. 6d. cl. 1s. 3d. swd.—Student's Self-Instructing French Grammar, by D. M. Aird, 2nd edit. square, 2s. cl.—Aristophanes Aves, by H. J. Blaydes, B.A., 8vo. 5s. cl.—Additional Notes to the edition of Thucydides, published in 1829–35, by T. Arnold, D.D., 8vo. 4s. swd.—Hope on Self-Education and Formation of Character, 18mo. 2s. 6d. cl.—Elements of General Language and General Grammar, by G. Payne, L.L.D., 8s. 7s. 6d. cl.—Gaberlunzie's Wallet, plates, 8vo. 8s. cl.—The Comic Album, a Book for Every Table, 4to. 12s. fancy bds.—Edward Evelyn, a Tale of the Rebellion of Prince Charles, by Jane Strickland, 8s. 7s. 6d. swd.—Blanca Cappello, an Historical Romance, by Lady L. Bulver, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d. bds.—Ainsworth's Magazine, Vol. II. 8vo. 16s. 6d. cl.—Physical Diagnosis of Diseases of the Lungs, by W. H. Walshe, M.D., 8s. 7s. 6d. cl.—The Discovery of America by the Normans, by Joshua T. Smith, 2nd edit. 12mo. 6s. cl.—Woodnotes for all Seasons, 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.—The Emigrant's Manual, by Thomas Rolph, Esq., 18mo. 1s. 6d. bds.—British and Continental Titles of Honour, 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.—Floral Fancies, 70 Illustrations, 8s. 7s. 6d. cl.—Schloss's English Bijou Almanac for 1843, containing 6 engravings on steel, poetically illustrated by Miss Mitford, plain, 1s. 6d. morocco, 3s.—College Life, by J. Hewlett, M.A., Author of 'Peter Priggin,' 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d. bds.—Night and Day Thoughts, 8s. 7s. 6d. cl.—Paradise's Chemical Manipulations, 3rd edit. 8vo. 18s. cl.—The Jewess, a Tale from the Shores of the Baltic, by Author of 'Letters from the Baltic,' 12mo. 4s. 6d. cl.—Extracts, Useful, Instructive, and Entertaining, 8s. 7s. 6d. cl.—Reid's Essays on the Intellectual Powers of Man, by Rev. G. N. Wright, 8vo. 12s. cl.—Vicar of Wakefield, 32 designs, by Mulready, 8vo. 21s. cl.—Charles Harcourt, or Adventures of a Legatee, by Georgina C. Munro, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d. bds.—Hallam's Literary History of Europe, 2nd edit. 3 vols. 8vo. 36s. bds.—The Bible in Spain, by Borrow, 3 vols. post 8vo. 37s. 6d. bds.—A Yacht Voyage in the Mediterranean, in 1840–1, by Lady Grosvenor, plates, 2 vols. post 8vo. 28s. bds.—Nicholl's Insolvency Practice, 12mo. 4s. cl.—Archbold's Criminal Pleadings, by Jervis, 9th edit. 12mo. 21s. bds.—Phillips on Evidence, 9th edit. 2 vols. royal 8vo. 21. 10s. bds.—Shaw's Magistrate's Diary for 1843, post. 8vo. 4s. 6d. hf-bd.—Pycroft (Rev. James) on School Education, 12mo. 5s. bds.—Davis's Fancies of a Dreamer, 12mo. 3s. cl.—Deck's Gentleman's Pocket-Book, roan tuck, 4s. 6d. 2s. 6d.—Eds's Book of Labels, new edit. enlarged, folio, 10s. 6d. swd.—Meteorologist (The) for 1843, 12mo. 1s. swd.—Scottish Ecclesiastical Register, 12mo. 2s. cloth, 2s. 6d. bd.

THE RUINED CITIES IN YUCATAN.

THE interest awakened by the gigantic ruins which are, from time to time, discovered in Yucatan and Central America, seems to grow by what it feeds on. Nor is this strange, for each succeeding explorer only adds to our wonder and perplexity; and there are good reasons for believing that the ground is comparatively unwrought, and that numberless monuments, fully equal in magnificence and extent to any yet visited, remain wholly unknown in the wild interior. A chance traveller cannot traverse the country in any direction without stumbling on ruins—ruins of cities, temples, towers, tumuli, pyramidal structures, fortified camps—regularly constructed works often of solid masonry. Then, and naturally, come the questions, by whom and in what age were these buildings erected? We shall not at present enter into a consideration of any of the many speculative theories to which the subject has given rise. It is not so much the age of the several structures that perplexes us, as how, in a few cen-

turies, they can have become so utterly ruined, the civilization that raised them so utterly lost, and all tradition of their use and history forgotten. There appears to us no doubt that they were erected by the people who possessed the country at the time of its conquest by the Spaniards. The early conquerors distinctly refer to them, *not as ruins*, but as structures exciting admiration and astonishment. They are described as temples, while the private dwellings of the people are said to have been built of timber, and thatched; and we can only suppose that they were constructed by and appropriated to the use of a religious order or caste, in whom centered, as in the European clergy of the dark ages, all the knowledge and the science of the country, and that with them they perished. Mr. Stephens has referred to the narratives of the early adventurers in proof of this, and quoted many passages from Herrera, which clearly describe these buildings: others not less important have, we think, escaped him. Thus, when John de Grijalva, in 1518, landed at Cozumel, he observes—"they saw several places of worship, and temples, and particularly one in form like a square tower, wide at the bottom, and hollow at the top, with four large windows and galleries; and in the hollow part, being the chapel, were the Idols, behind which was a sort of vestry, where the things belonging to the service of the temple were kept. At the foot of it was an enclosure of lime and stone with battlements, and plastered," &c. Again "they sailed along the coast, much admiring to see large and beautiful structures of lime and stone, with several high towers," "for which reason, *no such thing having till then been seen in the Indies*, they said they had found a new Spain." But we shall have other and better opportunities for advertising to this subject; and our immediate purpose is simply to bring under notice some late and important discoveries.

Mr. Norman, whose narrative we have now before us, and to which we alluded last week, (for our copy we are indebted to Messrs. Wiley & Putnam, the American Booksellers,) had no intention when he left the United States of even visiting Yucatan. Accident carried him there, and like accidental circumstances having brought him acquainted with some of the wondrous monuments which so strikingly distinguish the country, he thought it right to make his discoveries known. To the acquirements of a scientific traveller he has no pretension—his previous knowledge and his means of observation were, he admits, equally limited—a knife, a compass, a pencil and a memorandum book, were all his aids and appliances. Being at Valladolid, and hearing mention of some ruins in the neighbourhood, he determined to visit them. He shall now make his own report.

The Ruins of Chi-Chen.

"As I approached Chi-Chen, and while not more than four or five miles distant, I observed the roadside was strewn with columns, large hewn stones, &c. overgrown with bushes and long grass. On our arrival, at noon, we were most cordially received by the major-domo at the hacienda: the horses were taken into good keeping, and I was conducted to quarters which had been prepared in anticipation of my coming. These were in the church near by, in that part which is known to us as the vestry-room; and a very comfortable room I found it for my purposes. This church stands upon a rise of land that overlooks the country for a considerable distance around, embracing the hacienda, and, probably, the most remarkable ruins the world has ever known.

"On reaching the corridor of the hacienda, the walls and floor presented to me a singular appearance. Here was an odd and startling figure—the god, perhaps, of a forgotten people; and there a beautiful rosette: and even beneath my feet were pieces of carved stone and hieroglyphics that seemed as though they were striving to make me understand the story of their wonderful beginning. Within reach of the eye were to be seen the fragments and ornaments of pillars that once, possibly, embellished the palace of a proud cacique, stuck into the rude wall of the poor Indian's hut!

"On the morning of the 10th of February I directed my steps, for the first time, toward the ruins of the ancient city of Chi-Chen. [Chi-Chen signifies, Mouth of a Well. 'Itza,' said to be the Maya name for one of the old possessors of these ruins, is some-

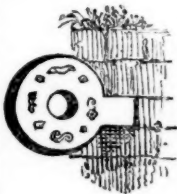
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times added by the natives.] On arriving in the immediate neighbourhood, I was compelled to cut my way through an almost impermeable thicket of under-brush, interlaced and bound together with strong tendrils and vines; in which labour I was assisted by my diligent aid and companion, José. I was finally enabled to effect a passage; and, in the course of a few hours, found myself in the presence of the ruins which I sought. For five days did I wander up and down among these crumbling monuments of a city which, I hazard little in saying, must have been one of the largest the world has ever seen. I beheld before me, for a circuit of many miles in diameter, the walls of palaces and temples and pyramids, more or less dilapidated. The earth was strewn, as far as the eye could distinguish, with columns, some broken and some nearly perfect, which seemed to have been planted there by the genius of desolation which presided over this awful solitude. Amid these solemn memorials of departed generations, who have died and left no marks but these, there were no indications of animated existence save from the bats, the lizards, and the reptiles, which now and then emerged from the crevices of the tottering walls and crumbling stones that were strewn upon the ground at their base. No marks of human footsteps, no signs of previous visitors, were discernible; nor is there good reason to believe that any person, whose testimony of the fact has been given to the world, had ever before broken the silence which reigns over these sacred tombs of a departed civilization. As I looked about me and indulged in these reflections, I felt awed into perfect silence. * * For a long time I was so distracted with the multitude of objects which crowded upon my mind, that I could take no note of them in detail. It was not until some hours had elapsed, that my curiosity was sufficiently under control to enable me to examine them with any minuteness. The Indians for many leagues around, hearing of my arrival, came to visit me daily; but the object of my toil was quite beyond their comprehension. They watched my every motion, occasionally looking up to each other with an air of unfeigned astonishment; but whether to gather an explanation from the faces of their neighbours, or to express their contempt for my proceedings, I have permitted myself to remain in doubt up to this day. Of the builders or occupants of these edifices which were in ruins about them, they had not the slightest idea; nor did the question seem to have ever occurred to them before. After the most careful search, I could discover no traditions, no superstitions, nor legends of any kind. * * All communication with the past here seems to have been cut off. Nor did any allusion to their ancestry, or to the former occupants of these mighty palaces and monumental temples, produce the slightest thrill through the memories of even the oldest Indians in the vicinity. Defeated in my anticipations from this quarter, I addressed myself at once to the only course of procedure which was likely to give me any solution of the solemn mystery. I determined to devote myself to a careful examination of these ruins in detail.

"My first study was made at the ruins of the Temple. The names by which I have designated these ruins, are such as were suggested to me by their peculiar construction, and the purposes for which I supposed them to have been designed. These remains consist of four distinct walls. I entered at an opening in the western angle, which I conceived to be the main entrance; and presumed, from the broken walls, ceilings, and pillars still standing, that the opposite end had been the location of the shrine or altar. The distance between these two extremes is four hundred and fifty feet. The walls stand upon an elevated foundation of about sixteen feet. Of the entrance, or western end, about one half remains; the interior showing broken rooms and ceilings not entirely defaced. The exterior is composed of large stones, beautifully hewn, and laid in fillet and moulding work. The opposite, or altar end, consists of similar walls, but has two sculptured pillars, much defaced by the falling ruins—six feet only remaining in view above them. These pillars measure about two feet in diameter. The walls are surrounded with masses of sculptured and hewn stone, broken columns, and ornaments, which had fallen from the walls themselves, and which are covered with a rank and luxuriant vegetation, and even with trees, through which

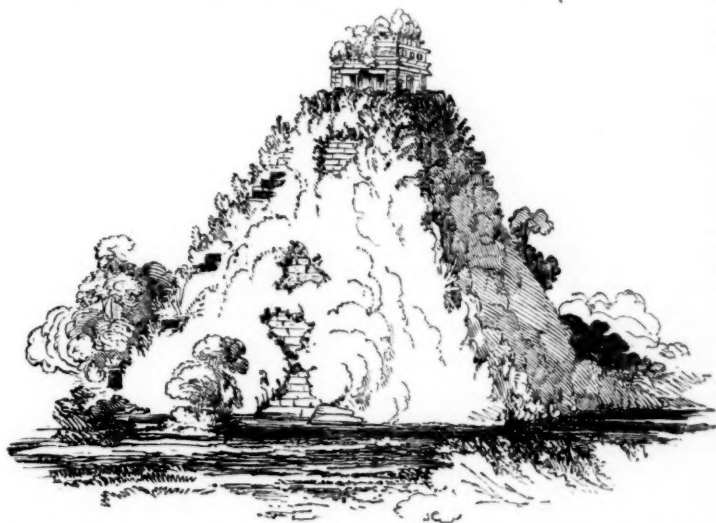
I was obliged to cut my way with my Indian knife. In the rear of the pillars are the remains of a room, the back ceilings only existing; sufficient, however, to show that they were of rare workmanship. The southern, or right-hand wall, as you enter, is in the best state of preservation, the highest part of which, yet standing, is about fifty feet; where, also, the remains of rooms are still to be seen. The other parts, on either side, are about twenty-six feet high, two hundred and fifty long, and sixteen thick; and about one hundred and thirty apart. The interior, or inner surface of these walls, is quite perfect, finely finished with smooth stone, cut uniformly in squares of about two feet. About the centre of these walls, on both

sides, near the top, are placed stone rings, carved from an immense block, and inserted in the wall by a long shaft, and projecting from it about four feet. They measure about four feet in diameter, and two in thickness—the sides beautifully carved. The extreme ends of the side walls are about equidistant from those of the shrine and entrance. The space intervening is filled up with stones and rubbish of walls, showing a connexion in the form of a curve. In the space formed by these walls are piles of stones, evidently being a part of them; but there were not enough of them, however, to carry out the supposition that this temple had ever been enclosed. At the outer base of the southern wall are the remains of a room; one side of which, with the angular ceiling, is quite perfect, measuring fourteen feet long and six wide. The parts remaining are finished with sculptured blocks of stone of about one foot square, representing Indian figures with feather head-dresses, armed with bows and arrows, their noses ornamented with rings; carrying in one hand bows and arrows, and in the other a musical instrument similar to those that are now used by the Indians of the country. These figures were interspersed with animals resembling the crocodile. Near this room I found a square pillar, only five feet of which remained above the ruins. It was carved on all sides with Indian figures, as large as life, and apparently in warlike attitudes. Fragments of a similar kind were scattered about in the vicinity.



From this room, or base, I passed round, and ascended over vast piles of the crumbling ruins, pulling myself up by the branches of trees, with which they are covered, to the top of the wall; where I found a door-way, filled up with stones and rubbish, which I removed, and, after much labour, effected an entrance into a room measuring eight by twenty-four feet, the ceiling of which was of the acute-angled arch, and perfected by layers of flat stones. The walls were finely finished with square blocks of stone, which had been richly ornamented. Even yet the heads of Indians, with shields and lances, could be distinguished in the colouring. The square pillars of the door-way are carved with Indians, flowers, borders, and spear-heads; all of which I judged to have once been coloured. The lintel, which supported the top, is of the *zuporte** wood, beautifully carved, and in good preservation. One of the Indian head-dresses was composed of a cap and flowers. Immediately in front of the door-way is a portion of a column, to which neither cap nor base was attached. It measured about three feet in diameter, with its whole surface sculptured; but it was so obliterated by time, that the lines could not be traced. Four feet of its length only could be discovered. It was, evidently, imbedded in the ruins to a great depth. Numerous blocks of square hewn stones, and others, variously and beautifully carved, were lying in confusion near this column. Of the exterior of these walls, a sufficient portion still exists to show the fine and elaborate workmanship of the cornices and entablatures, though the latter are much broken and defaced. They are composed of immense blocks of stone, laid with the greatest regularity and precision, the façades of which are interspersed with flowers, borders, and animals. From this portion of the ruins I cut my way through a dense mass of trees and vegetation, to the eastern extremity of the walls, the top of which was much dilapidated, and obstructed with occasional piles of broken and hewn stone. On my return, I descended to, and walked along the outside base of the wall to the rear of the shrine, and over immense blocks of hewn and carved stone, some of which were, no doubt, the buttments of altar walls; as similar blocks were near here appropriated to such purposes. I returned by the outside of the northern wall. The whole distance was filled up with heaps of ruins, overgrown with trees and vines; through which I cleared my way with the greatest difficulty.

"From the temple I proceeded to the Pyramid, a



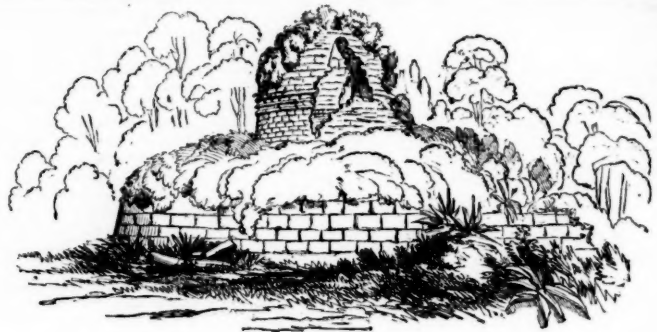
few rods to the south. It was a majestic pile; measuring at its base about five hundred and fifty feet, with its sides facing the cardinal points.† The angles and sides were beautifully laid with stones of an im-

mense size, gradually lessening, as the work approached the summit or platform. On the east and north sides are flights of small stone steps, thirty feet wide at the base, and narrowing as they ascend. Those

† We feel bound to acknowledge our obligations to Mr. Folkard; who, by devoting himself, and the resources at his command, to the service of our readers, has enabled us to present them with these illustrations, although but four days could be allowed for their execution.

* * I found the wood of the *zuporte*-tree had been used exclusively in these buildings for lintels and thwart-beams, but for no other purpose. On several of the beams yet remaining, there were elegant carvings. This wood is well known for its remarkable durability and solidity."

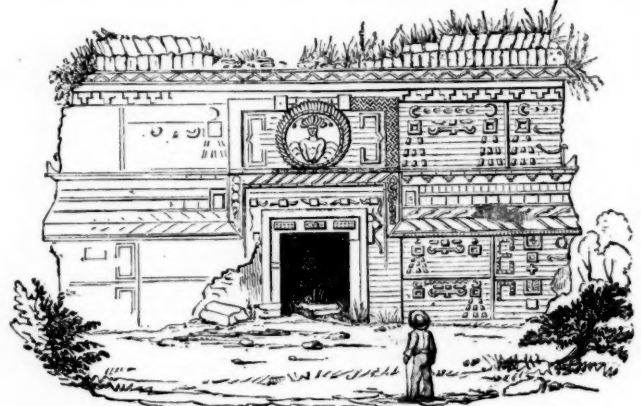
of the south and west are carried up by gradations resembling steps, each about four feet in height, but are more dilapidated than those upon which the steps are constructed. The bases were piled up with ruins, and overgrown with a rank grass and vines; and it was only after great labour that I was enabled to reach the side facing the east. Here I found two square stones of an enormous size, partly buried in the ruins, which I cleared away. They were plainly carved, representing some monster with wide extended jaws, with rows of teeth and a protruding tongue. These stones, from their position, were evidently the finish to the base of the steps. On this side I ascended the fallen and broken steps, through bushes and trees, with which they were partly covered to the summit, one hundred feet. Here I found a terrace or platform, in the centre of which is a square building, one hundred and seventy feet at its base, and twenty feet high. The eastern side of this supplementary structure contains a room twelve by eighteen feet, having two square pillars eight feet high, supporting an angular roof upon strong beams of *zuporte* wood, the stone and wood being both carved. The sides of the door-ways, and their lintels, are of the same material, and ornamented in the same style. Fronting this room is a corridor supported by two round pillars, three feet in diameter and four in height, standing upon a stone base of two feet; both of which are surmounted with large capitals, hewn or broken in such a manner that no architectural design can now be traced. The sides of these pillars were wrought with figures and lines, which are now quite obliterated. The door-sides of these rooms are built of large square stones, similar to those of the Temple, with the difference of having holes drilled through the inner angles, which were worn smooth, and apparently enlarged by use. The other sides contain rooms and halls in tolerable preservation, having the same form of roofs supported by *zuporte* wood. These rooms and halls are plastered with a superior finish, and shadowy painted figures are still perceptible. The exterior of the building had been built of fine hewn and uniform blocks of stone, with entablatures of a superior order, and projecting cornices. I could find no access to the top but by the pillars, and by cutting steps in the stone and mortar of the broken edge of the façade, by which, and the aid of bushes, I reached the summit. I found it perfectly level, and one of its corners broken and tumbling down. The whole was covered with a deep soil, in which trees and grass were growing in profusion. From this height I enjoyed a magnificent *coup-d'œil* of all the ruins, and the vast plain around them. * * Unlike most similar structures in Egypt, whose 'primeval race had run ere antiquity had begun,' this pyramid does not culminate at the top, as I have already observed. Pococke has described one, however, at Sak-hara, similar to this, which is the only one of which I have ever heard. The solidity of the structure of the pyramid at Chichen, the harmony and grandeur of its architecture, must impress every one with an exalted idea of the mechanical skill, and the numbers of those by whom it was originally constructed. * * About the centre of the ruins of the city is the Dome, to which I made my way as usual, through thick masses of tangled vegetation, by which it was surrounded. This building stood upon a double foundation, as far as I could judge, though I was unable to satisfy myself completely, owing to the fallen ruins which once formed a part of its structure, but which now almost concealed its base from the view. I found on the east side broken steps, by which I ascended to a platform built about thirty feet from the base, the sides of which measured each about one hundred and twenty-five feet. The walls were constructed of fine hewn stone, beautifully finished at the top, and the angles, parts of which had fallen, were tastefully curved. In the centre of this platform, or terrace, was a foundation work, twelve feet high, and in ruins; the four broken sides measuring about fifty feet each, upon which is built a square, of a pyramidal form, fifty feet high, divided off into rooms, but inaccessible, or nearly so, owing to the tottering condition of the walls. I could discover, however, that the inside walls were coloured, and the wood that supported and connected the ceilings was in good preservation. In the centre of this square is the Dome, a structure of beautiful proportions, though partially in ruins.



It rests upon a finished foundation, the interior of which contains three conic structures, one within the other, a space of six feet intervening; each cone communicating with the others by door-ways, the inner one forming the shaft. At the height of about ten feet, the cones are united by means of transoms

of *zuporte*. Around these cones are evidences of spiral stairs, leading to the summit. * * *

"Situating about three rods south-west of the ruins of the Dome, are those of the House of the Caciques. I cut my way through the thick growth of small wood to this sublime pile, and by the aid of my



compass was enabled to reach the east front of the building. Here I felled the trees that hid it, and the whole front was opened to my view, presenting the most strange and incomprehensible pile of architecture that my eyes ever beheld—elaborate, elegant, stupendous, yet belonging to no order now known to us. The front of this wonderful edifice measures thirty-two feet, and its height twenty, extending to the main building fifty feet. Over the doorway, which favours the Egyptian style of architecture, is a heavy lintel of stone, containing two double rows of hieroglyphics, with a sculptured ornament intervening. Above these are the remains of hooks carved in stone, with raised lines of drapery running through them; which, apparently, have been broken off by the falling of the heavy finishing from the top of the building, over which, surrounded by a variety of chaste and beautifully executed borders, encircled within a wreath, is a female figure in a sitting posture, in basso-relievo, having a head-dress of feathers, cords, and tassels, and the neck ornamented. The angles of this building are tastefully curved. The ornaments continue around the sides, which are divided into two compartments, different in their arrangement, though not in style. Attached to the angles are large projecting hooks, skilfully worked, and perfect rosettes and stars, with spears reversed, are put together with the utmost precision. The ornaments are composed of small square blocks of stone, cut to the depth of about one to one and a half inch, apparently with the most delicate instruments, and inserted by a shaft in the wall. The wall is made of large and uniformly square blocks of limestone, set in a mortar which appears to be as durable as the stone itself. In the ornamental borders of this building I could discover but little analogy with those known to me. The most striking were those of the cornice and entablature, *chevron* and the *cable mould-*

ing, which are characteristic of the Norman architecture. The sides have three doorways, each opening into small apartments, which are finished with smooth square blocks of stone; the floors of the same material, but have been covered with cement, which is now broken. The apartments are small, owing to the massive walls enclosing them, and the acute-angled arch forming the ceiling. The working and laying of the stone are as perfect as they could have been under the directions of a modern architect. Contiguous to this front are two irregular buildings, as represented in the plan. The one on the right, situated some twenty-five feet from it (about two feet off the right line), has a front of about thirty-five feet, its sides ten wide, and its height twenty feet, containing one room, similar in its finish to those before described. The front of this building is elaborately sculptured with rosettes and borders, and ornamental lines; the rear is formed of finely cut stone, now much broken. Near by are numerous heaps of hewn and broken stones, sculptured work and pillars. The other building on the left, is about eight feet from the principal front, measuring twenty-two feet in length, thirteen in width, and thirty-six in height. The top is quite broken, and has the appearance of having been much higher. The *Agave Americana* was growing thrithly upon its level roof. On all sides of this building are carved figures, broken images, in sitting postures; rosettes and ornamental borders, laid off in compartments; each compartment having three carved hooks on each side and angle. This building contains but one room, similar to that on the right. A soil has collected on the tops or roofs of these structures to the depth of three or four feet, in which trees and other vegetation are flourishing. From these portions of the ruins I worked my way through the wild thicket, by which they are surrounded, to

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the north side of the main building, in the centre of which I found a flight of small stone steps, overgrown with bushes and vines, which I cut away, and made an ascent by pulling myself up to the summit, a distance of forty feet. This platform is an oblong square, one hundred by seventy-five feet. Here a range of rooms were found, occupying about two-thirds of the area; the residue of the space probably formed a promenade, which is now filled up with crumbling ruins, covered with trees and grass. These rooms varied in size; the smallest of which measured six by ten, and the largest six by twenty-two feet. The most of these rooms were plastered, or covered with a fine white cement, some of which was still quite perfect. By washing them, I discovered fresco paintings; but they were much obliterated. The subjects could not be distinguished. On the eastern end of these rooms is a hall running transversely four feet wide (having the high angular ceiling), one side of which is filled with a variety of sculptured work, principally rosettes and borders, with rows of small pilasters; having three square recesses and a small room on either side. Over the doorways of each are stone lintels three feet square, carved with hieroglyphics both on the front and under side. The western end of these rooms is in almost total ruins. The northern side has a flight of stone steps, but much dilapidated, leading to the top, which, probably was a look-out place, but is now almost in total ruins. The southern range of rooms is much broken, the outside of which yet shows the elaborate work with which the whole building was finished. I vainly endeavoured to find access to the interior of the main building. I discovered two breaches, caused, probably, by the enormous weight of the pile, and in these apertures I made excavations; but could not discover anything like apartments of any description. It seemed to be one vast body of stone and mortar, kept together by the great solidity of the outer wall, which was built in a masterly manner, of well-formed materials. The angles were finished off with circular blocks of stones, of a large and uniform size. In a northwest direction from the hacienda, of which mention has already been made, are the ruins of a house, which, owing, probably, to its having been constructed without any artificial foundation, is still in good preservation. It bears but little resemblance to any of its fellows. It contains eighteen rooms, the largest of which measures eight by twenty-four feet, arranged in double rows, or ante-rooms, and lighted only by a single doorway. They all have the high angular ceilings, like the other buildings, which enclose as much space as the rooms themselves. Those fronting the south are the most remarkable, the inner doorways having each a stone lintel of an unusually large size, measuring thirty-two inches wide, forty-eight long, and twelve deep; having on its inner side a sculptured figure of an Indian in full dress, with cap and feathers, sitting upon a cushioned seat, finely worked; having before him a vase containing flowers, with his right hand extended over it, his left resting upon the side of the cushion—the whole bordered with hieroglyphics. The front part of this lintel contains two rows of hieroglyphics. The building is irregular, having a projection in the centre on one side, of eight feet; on the other of four feet. It measures one hundred and fifty feet long, forty-three wide, and twenty high; flat roof, unbroken, and filled with trees and grass to the whole extent. The outside and partition walls have a uniform thickness of three feet.

"Among other ruins contiguous to those already described, I discovered two detached piles about two rods apart. They were erected upon foundations of about twenty feet in height, which were surrounded and sustained by well-cemented walls of hewn stone, with curved angles, measuring two hundred and forty feet around them, parts of which were in good preservation. We ascended to the platform of the one in the best condition, in the centre of which stands the ruins of a building measuring twenty-one by forty feet; the west front being quite perfect, and shows sculptured work along the whole extent of its façade. The only accessible part was a hall, having a range of hieroglyphics the whole length over the doorways, the rooms of which were in total ruins. Across these halls were beams of wood, creased as if they had been worn by hammock-ropes. In a line with these ruins

and the temple are numerous mounds, covered with loose stones and vegetation. Between these and the temple are the ruins of a mass of foundation-work, about forty feet high; the top of which is covered with piles of crumbling stones, and ruins of a structure that once adorned it. These stones were of an immense size, some square, some round, and the others either plain, hewn, or sculptured. Among these there are two even larger than the rest, and similar to those found at the base of the Pyramid. Likewise, among these ruins I found pillars, beautifully worked with figures and ornamental lines; some of which are standing, apparently, in their original position. Also, upright blocks, six feet high and two thick, of each of which one surface was covered with hieroglyphics. Near by were six square fragments of pillars, at uniform distances apart from each other. These, too, were sculptured with ornaments and hieroglyphics. Nothing could be seen of these ruins from the base of the structure, as they were buried among trees, and overgrown with long grass and shrubs. Besides those we have attempted to describe, there are other ruins of which some remains of walls are standing; and contiguous thereto lie immense piles of worked stone, which, though presenting no new feature in the architecture of these buildings, yet serve to give a more adequate idea of the size and grandeur of this great city. In my walks in the vicinity, extending miles in every direction, I have seen broken walls and mounds, fragments of columns, and carved and sculptured stone, some of which were of extraordinary dimensions as any that I have noticed, deeply embedded in the soil, and wholly disconnected with any other structure; though they were, without doubt, the remains of splendid and extensive edifices. The following are the general characteristics of all these ruins:—They are situated upon a plain of many miles in circumference, nearly in the centre of the province; upwards of one hundred miles from the sea, and away from all water communication. They have no apparent order, or laying-out of streets, as the plan shows; but that they bear evidence of a people highly skilled in the mechanical arts, as also in a portion of the sciences, must be conclusive to my readers. The buildings which are now in the most perfect state of preservation, are the temple, castle, pyramid, and other erections, upon a succession of terraces composed of rubble, imbedded in mortar, held together by finished walls of fine concrete limestone; the sides of which are invariably located with reference to the four cardinal points, and the principal fronts facing the east. The walls of the buildings rise perpendicularly, generally, to one-half the height, where there are entablatures; above which, to the cornice, the façades are laid off in compartments, which are elaborately ornamented with stone sculpture-work over a diamond lattice ground, illustrated with hieroglyphic figures of various kinds; the whole interspersed with chaste and unique borders, executed with the greatest possible skill and precision. The stones are cut in *parallelepipeds* of about twelve inches in length and six in breadth; the interstices filled up of the same material of which the terraces are composed. The height of these buildings generally is twenty, and rarely above twenty-five feet. They are limited to one story, long and narrow, without windows. The rooms are confined to a double range, receiving no other light than what passes through the doorway. The ceilings are built in the form of an acute-angled arch by layers of flat stones, the edges being bevelled and carried up to the apex, upon which rests a stone that serves as a key. The interior of some of the most important of these rooms is finished with a beautiful white composition, laid on with the greatest skill. Fresco painting in these rooms is also observable, and the colours still in good preservation; sky blue and light green being the most prominent. Figures of Indian characters can be discerned, but not with sufficient distinctness for the subject to be traced. The floors are covered with a hard composition, which shows marks of wear. The doorways are nearly a square of about seven feet, somewhat resembling the Egyptian; the sides of which are formed of large blocks of hewn stone. In some instances the lintels are of the same material, with hieroglyphics and lines carved upon the outer surfaces. Stone rings, and holes at the sides of the doorways, indicate that doors once swung upon them."

From this point Mr. Norman proceeded westward

towards Campeachy, his point of destination. The result of further exploration shall be reported next week.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

The execution of the statues voted last session to the three naval heroes, Lord Exmouth, Lord de Saumarez, and Sir Sydney Smith, have been intrusted to Mr. McDowell of London, (whose 'Cupid,' and 'Prayer,' and other works, we admired and commended in this and last year's Exhibition,) to Mr. Steel of Edinburgh, and Mr. Kirk of Dublin. There is surely something strange and startling in this odd sort of distribution. We have no doubt it was well intended; but the policy seems, to us, very questionable, and tending to keep alive those national jealousies and distinctions, and to encourage that isolation and self-dependence in each nation, which is manifestly mischievous to all. To what principle has it reference, population or taxation? Then England has at least a right to two out of the three statues. To national genius? and was it intended to awaken fair rivalry? Then Scotland and Ireland may justly object that the sons of whom she has most reason to be proud are excluded; and England protest against either a Scotchman or an Irishman being intrusted with her one statue. Think of a competition among Scotch painters for the honour of Scotland, from which Wilkie would have been excluded because he resided at Kensington; or among Irish artists, which for like reasons should shut out the President and half the Members of the Academy! But the question is altogether new to us, and deserves further consideration. Meantime, be it distinctly understood, that nothing here said is intended to imply a doubt as to the ability of either Mr. Steel or Mr. Kirk,—artists unknown to us, even by name.

The prizes annually awarded to the students of the Royal Academy, were distributed on Saturday last, at a very full meeting of the members. To Mr. J. C. Hook, for the best copy made in the school of painting, the silver medal, with the lectures of Barry, Opie, and Fuseli. To Mr. A. Rankley, for the next best copy made in the painting school, the silver medal. To Mr. J. C. Hook, for the best drawing from the living models, the silver medal. To Mr. J. Clayton, for the best drawings of the ground plan, sections, &c., of St. Stephen's Church, Walbrook, the silver medal. To Mr. J. Harwood, for the best drawings from the antique, the silver medal. To Mr. A. Gately, for the best model from an antique statue, the silver medal. The prize for a model from the life, was not awarded, as there was only one candidate. Sir M. A. Shee, who was in the chair, spoke with great satisfaction of the merits of the drawings from the living models, and the antique, which, he said, had greatly improved within the last two or three years.

Upon visiting the Temple Church a few days since, to see the progress of the works, we were startled at finding the old crusaders' effigies removed from their positions in the intercolumniations into the middle of the "Round." Upon inquiry we learned that the final placing of these monuments is still a vexed question; and such being the case, we must put in our protest against the present location of them. It seems to us that it is objectionable under all views of the case,—certainly under all views of the figures themselves. They are so huddled and necessarily crowded together—for the effigies are large, and the interior of the Round is not over spacious,—that they can neither be examined individually nor collectively with any comfort. In their present position, the great skill and pains which have been bestowed on their restoration are thrown away, and we cannot conceive a greater injustice to the sculptor who repaired them, than to leave them where they are. Let us mention that the artist is about to publish a series of drawings of these interesting monuments. But it is not merely because their individuality is thus sacrificed, that we dislike their position. The chief advantage obtained by the removal of the organ—an uninterrupted view from the western to the eastern extremities—is thus lost; and on entering the Round, the eye, instead of first tracing its peculiar and beautiful shape, and then passing along the aisles of the nave, is stopped by a huge and disproportionate heap of sculpture, the forms of which it cannot distinguish. The effigies,

which seen separately are eminently picturesque, are rendered the very reverse when crowded together. To leave them so placed, for what reason we cannot divine, would be to sacrifice all the first agreeable impressions which the beautiful forms of the church are calculated to awaken. The symmetry would be destroyed, and the excellent opportunity lost of laying a tessellated pavement;—not Roman, as a fragment lying in the church might lead us to fear, but such an one as Abbot Ware laid before the altar and in the Chapel of the Kings at Westminster Abbey. It is certain that these sculptures could never have been so placed originally. We learn from Stowe and other authorities of the sixteenth century, that at that time the effigies lay in the "middle of the Round walke." Dugdale, who wrote in 1666, says "within a spacious grate of iron, in the midst of the Round walk under the steeple, do lye eight statues in military habits." But this could not have been the position of the monuments when the Round was used as a church, the high altar perhaps standing in the midst. We submit that these authorities only prove that the original position must have been changed, and furnish therefore, *pro tanto*, good grounds for removing them now to the most effective site. Better far to place them in the midst of the aisles of the Round than where they are; but why not place one in each of the intercolumniations, and the remainder on each side of the principal arch of the chancel, in the part which connects the chancel and the Round? In addition to the objections already stated, we append another, for the consideration of the Benchers, which is, that if the effigies are made to fill up the Round, that part can never yield accommodation for any portion of the congregation, as it might otherwise do if required. We, therefore, entreat the Benchers, for the sake of the architectural features of their church, of the sculptures themselves, of antiquarian propriety, and of picturesque beauty, not to terminate their successful and praiseworthy labours with such a mistake as this would be.

There is a point of view under which the offence of piratical reprinting has not yet, that we are aware of, been considered—its injustice to the author's genius, through the gross errors with which such reprints inevitably abound. The increasing competition in the book-selling trade makes it desirable to be first in the market, whence galloping expedition and hideous inaccuracies. All question of literary property apart, this plague of errata is increasing daily, and in Belgium has already attained its acmé. We have lately seen editions of Victor Hugo's last work, 'Le Rhin,' Frédéric Soulié's 'Sathaniel,' Eugène Sue's 'Mathilde,' and Custine's 'L'Espagne sous Ferdinand VII.,' every one of which was crammed with the most ridiculous and misleading typographical blunders. Happily, such is the inevitable tendency of this detestable "industry."

In the *Morning Chronicle* report of the coroner's inquest on Mary Bye, who perished in the late railroad accident near Berkhamstead, it is stated that "the deceased was a person of more importance than was at first thought: she was, before her marriage, Mary Gray, who succeeded her sister, and became the second nurse of Lord Byron, 'gaining,' says Mr. Moore, 'an influence over his mind against which he very rarely rebelled,' though his mother had no influence over him." In this there appears to be some mistake. Moore says, that the second nurse, May Gray, on leaving her mistress's service, returned to her native country "where she died about three years ago." In one of her last illnesses she was attended by Dr. Ewing, of Aberdeen, who "noted down from her lips, all she could remember of his lordship's early days." Byron, it appears, gave her a watch, which was given by her husband to the Doctor. Moore further relates, that "the same thoughtful gratitude was evinced by Byron towards the sister of this woman, his first nurse, to whom he wrote some years after he left Scotland." If Mrs. Bye was one of these Grays, it must have been the first, and not the second nurse. Perhaps the story is altogether apocryphal.

Wars and rumours of wars pass us by unheeded, but Peace often opens to literature and science sources of information from which nations benefit, though the channels are unseen, and the advantages unrecognized in treaties, and unthought of by negotiators and statesmen. In this way, good, we hope, will result from the peace now established with China;

and which, under the special provisions of the treaty, opens to European energy and intelligence an unexplored country. Already the Horticultural Society, always active and enterprising, has resolved to send out to that country Mr. Fortune, the Superintendent of the Hothouse Department in the Society's Garden, and we have no doubt that so intelligent a botanist will soon reap a rich harvest—of fame for himself, and profit for his country.

Mr. Mitchell's company of French comedians commence their representations at the Prince's Theatre on the 16th of January. The programme is even more inviting than that of last season; and it ought not to be forgotten that Mr. Mitchell honourably keeps to his promises. Besides a company, including Mdlle. Forgeot, Mdlle. E. Prosper, Madame Doche, M. Cartigny, &c., he announces Madame Albert, Mdlle. Plessy, with all her pretty *minauderies* and superb costumes—M. Vernet, whose name is not to be written without a laugh when we recollect 'Le Père de la Débutante,' which of course stands foremost in his *répertoire*—Mdlle. Déjazet—and that greatest of contemporary actors, M. Bouffé. If such a corps do not draw full houses, our public must be made of more unbending stuff than we imagine; if such performances do not improve the tone of our comic acting, English artists must be more pragmatical in the maintenance of their traditions than we hope to find them. While we are speaking of foreigners in English theatres, we must not forget a rumour of magnificent promise, that M. Duprez and Herr Staudigl are to appear together at Covent Garden during the coming season.

That energetic and versatile *dilettante*, M. le Prince de la Moskowa, who seems to turn his hand to every species of occupation and adventure, and to succeed in all, is now, we are told, busily attempting to establish, in Paris, an institution similar to our own Ancient Concerts. There, too, musical taste seems to be taking a direction analogous to ours. It is announced that the Christmas-day service at Notre-Dame will be sung, to music by Palestrina, Marcello, and Rink, by five or six hundred of the pupils who have received gratuitous musical instruction in Paris: an unmistakable proof, by the way, of steadiness and proficiency, not without its significance. The place of General Inspector of the singing schools, left vacant by the death of M. Wilhem, has been filled, by the appointment of his principal assistant, M. Hubert; and a subscription has been opened, and is rapidly increasing, for the purpose of raising a monument to the memory of the late director. Contemporaneously with this, we read of dramatic performances by the pupils of the *Conservatoire*, on the occasion of the distribution of prizes. Why is nothing of the sort ever attempted at our Royal Academy? But, again, we may further ask, why have no Professors of the dramatic art, such as form an essential and important feature in the French establishment, where one department is under no less distinguished a person than Mdlle. Mars? Till some satisfactory answer can be given to this natural question, we need never look for a school of operatic artists. There were some passages, too, in the speech of M. de Keratry (the President of the Academy), at the late meeting for the distribution of prizes, which are worth transcribing, as announcing a new and important feature in the institution. "Each winter," says the President, "Government sends laureates to Rome, at its own cost. It might, perhaps, be an improvement on this practice, if a residence at Milan, Naples, or even Venice, in which the art of music is more successfully cultivated, were especially prescribed. But, however this may be, these pupils, after indulging in hopes for themselves, and awakening those of their country, return to their homes, where they find no opportunity of bringing their talent into the light of day; for, in truth, the two theatres to which alone they could have recourse, governed as they are by private speculation, can assist only in a very limited degree the production of compositions whose success is doubtful, while their *mise en scène* is, of necessity, costly. Impressed with the difficulty of the position in which our young composers are thus placed, the royal commission, in whose name I have the honour to address you, has recommended to the Minister of the Interior to authorize, in this Hall, every three months, a lyrical performance, of which the music shall be composed by the Pen-

sionaries of Rome, and publicly executed by the young artists of the Academy. This institution would form a complement to our course of musical education—worthy of the government at whose cost it must be maintained, and securing to untalented the opportunity of winning celebrity;—and it may be hoped that the Chambers will not refuse a moderate grant for a purpose which will, at once, extricate our studious youth from a painful deception, and enhance the splendour of the establishment."

A Danish Opera, with the euphonious title of 'Tordenskiold,' composed by M. Salomon, is about to be represented at Copenhagen. It is time to ask what is doing in music in the North? We have heard of a Russian composer, M. Gabel, settled at Moscow, whose works for stringed instruments have more than average merit and originality. We are told, too, that he has written symphonies. Here is another hint worth the attention of the Philharmonic Society.

DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.

The Nobility, Gentry, and the Public are informed, that this establishment WILL POSITIVELY BE CLOSED for the season, on SATURDAY the 31st instant, when both Pictures, now exhibiting, viz. THE VILLAGE OF ALAGNA, and THE SHRINE OF THE NATIVITY, will be removed, and replaced by subjects of great novelty and interest. Open from 10 till 4.

AFGHANISTAN.—NOW OPEN, PANORAMA, Leicester-square, a comprehensive and interesting VIEW OF CABUL, including every object of interest in the city, the Bala Hissar, the River Cabul, with a distant view of the Himalaya Mountains and the Peak of Khurd Cabul, where the British army was so treacherously destroyed. The whole illustrated by numerous groups and figures descriptive of the manners of the Afghans. The Views of the Battle of Walat, and of Jerusalem, remain open.

THE CHINESE COLLECTION, Hyde Park-corner.—Consisting of objects exclusively Chinese, surpassing in extent and grandeur any similar display in the known world, entirely filling the spacious salons, 221 feet in length, and embracing upwards of fifty figures as large as life, all fac-similes, in their native costumes, from the highest mandarin to the blind mendicant; also many thousands of specimens, illustrating the appearance, manners, and customs of more than three hundred million Chinese, is NOW OPEN, from Ten till Ten.—Admission, 2s. 6d.; Children under Twelve, 1s.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

Dec. 12.—W. R. Hamilton, Esq. President, in the chair.

1. Extract of a letter from Tripoli, giving hopes of valuable information from the interior of the country, in consequence of the commercial intercourse which it is probable will be soon established.

2. Extract of a letter from Panama, recommending the exploration of a part of the Isthmus but little known.

3. The President read a letter from Sir Woodbine Parish, on the subject of a very rare, if not unique, MS. plan of Pekin—that is, of the northern or Tartar City. Sir Woodbine had had the Chinese names translated by a member of the missionary establishment at Naples for the propagation of Christianity in China. The plan itself, however, could not be exhibited, as it had not been yet returned from Windsor. "This plan, which would have been valuable," says Sir Woodbine Parish, "if our brave troops had been obliged to lay siege to Pekin, was brought from that city by a missionary who passed some years there, and who himself considered it as a very rare acquisition."

4. A communication from Dr. Beke was next read, dated Dima, 15th December, 1841, being the details of his route from Angolalla to Gadam. Leaving Angolalla on the 19th of October, Dr. Beke proceeded towards Angorcha, in the country of Abbo Mosle, a powerful Galla chief, who was eventually to provide for the traveller's safe passage across the Abai (or Nile). The first part of the route lay through a beautiful country, with numerous villages; but it afterwards became more barren. Having passed a stockade, and descended some basaltic rocks, a plain was crossed, and the hill fort of Dey was reached. This is the residence of the governor of Moratt, and is 7,887 feet above the sea, being 600 or 700 lower than Angolalla. This place is important, as being the key to the high country to the west, and commanding the mountain to the east. There is only three roads by which it may be reached, and only one of them practicable for beasts of burthen. Having crossed the Bersena river, and passing a country cultivated with pulse, tobacco, cotton, maize, &c., the route again became mountainous, and the traveller reached Wila, where he was hospitably entertained. From hence he proceeded on to Angorcha, at which place it appears gold has been lately found. From An-

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gorcha Dr. Beke continued his route towards the Abai, passing, in his way, a country of varying character, but generally well cultivated, and having numerous towns and villages well peopled. Several streams were also crossed, whose valleys are described as deep and rough. Shortly after crossing the Djannina at a place where the breadth was thirty yards, and the greatest depth three feet, the traveller ascended to Dada, at a little distance beyond which the Abai became visible. On the 24th of November this river was reached. It is here 2,936 feet above the sea, which gives a fall of about a foot per mile for its course hence to the Mediterranean. The passage of the river was effected in a most inconvenient manner, and what is worse, the loss sustained by the robberies of his pretended friends was very great, and the few articles not stolen were completely damaged by the wet. Having entered Godjam, his course was northerly. The country on both sides of the stream (which was not quite 200 yards wide, with a rapid current where crossed,) is described as similar, with a great deal of jungle, but no wild beasts. Continuing onwards, passing several villages, and being often robbed, Dr. Beke at last reached the Church of St. Abbo, and the plain country of Godjam; proceeding along which, he says, he was without assistance: for while in Shoa it is impossible to move without the knowledge and permission of the Negus, which latter secures assistance also; here in Godjam every one is at liberty to go where he pleases; and, no permission being required of the authorities, no facilities are afforded by them. At length Dima was reached,—commonly known as Dima Gurgis, from the large monastery and church of St. George, which it contains. The town is large and well constructed, and the church the largest of the kind seen by Dr. Beke in Abyssinia. The disturbed state of the country prevented the immediate prosecution of the traveller's explorations. A collection of geological specimens from Abyssinia was laid upon the table.

ASIATIC SOCIETY.

Dec. 3.—Professor Wilson in the chair.—Major R. Wilbraham, and J. M. Macleod, Esq. were elected Resident Members.

A letter from Lieut. Cunningham, of the Bengal Engineers, to Colonel Sykes was read, giving an account of the discovery and identification of the ancient city of Sankasya, mentioned as the kingdom of Kusadhwaia, in the ancient poem of the Ramayana. This city is noticed by Fa Hian, the Chinese traveller of the fifth century, by the name of Seng-kia-shi; and he professes to have seen there the ladder by which Buddha came down from heaven. The site of this city has hitherto been unknown. Rénaudet, in the French translation of Fa Hian's travels, suggests that it is in the district of Farrakhabad, in the Doab; and Wilson agrees with him. Lieut. Cunningham, in an attempt to trace the route of the Chinese travellers, was so fortunate as to find the ruins of the lost capital, at a spot twelve kos from Farrakhabad, and twenty-five from Kanouj, on the north, or left bank of the Kali Nadi; (a kos is about two miles). A village of about sixty houses, standing on a mound which has once been a fort, in the midst of the ancient city, still retains the name of Samkassa, by which Sankasya is called in Pali writings; and this village is surrounded on all sides, within a circuit of six miles, by a succession of lofty ruined mounds of brick and earth, said to be the wrecks of the ancient city. The Mūnshi, employed by Lieut. Cunningham, was struck with wonder at their extent; and exclaimed that they were larger than Kanouj. One of the ruined mounds was eighty feet in height, and was surmounted by a temple of Siva, erected two centuries ago by a Gossin, whose descendant still resides there. It is built of those old bricks of large size, which are found wherever Buddhist remains exist. An interesting portion of the ruins is a small mound of bricks dedicated to the worship of the Nāga, or snake, where the women of the village go in procession yearly, pray for rain, and make offerings of milk, which they pour on the spot. This is, without doubt, the dragon of Fa Hian, which appeared once a year, from whose favour the people of Seng-kia-shi obtained genial rains. It is said that Raja Jayachandra, of Kanouj, marched against Samkassa in 1183 A.D., razed it to the ground, and ploughed it up into fields at the instigation of the envious Brah-

mans. The tradition is countenanced by the fact that the whole is now ploughed up, the bricks piled up along the borders of the fields; that ancient coins are frequently found there; and that there are no vestiges whatever of Mohammedan occupation of any kind. Lieut. Cunningham describes, also, some ruins which he believes to be Buddhistical at the old town of Malāwan, on the road from Mathura to Samkassa. They consist of squared kunker stones, piled upon solid foundations of large bricks. Several stone Buddhistical figures lie about the mounds; one is a seated figure with the hands laid flat in the lap; and is attended by a small erect figure on each side,—a Buddha and his Buddhisatwas. A red stone, of five feet long, has the two recumbent lions, which are the commonest ornaments of the pedestals of Buddhistical figures. Several other remains of Buddhism, at Kanouj, and other places, were observed by Lieut. Cunningham, who remarks on the facility with which vast discoveries might be made in India by a person going leisurely about the country, instead of marching through it on duty, as was his case, without the possibility of a single halt; and concludes with an expression of his conviction of the importance and utility of making such discoveries.

A short paper, by Dr. Royle, was then read, 'On the Identification of the Onycha of the Greeks with the Nakhli of India.' These two words in the respective languages signify a nail; and the latter, at least, designates a substance sold as a perfume in India. It is stated to be the operculum of the shell of the *Strombus lentiginosus*, or of the *Pleuratoma Babylonica* and *Pleuratoma trapezii*, turriculated shells of the Indian seas. It is not a substance of much importance, but has been used as a perfume; and is supposed to be the schecheleth, or onycha, of Exodus, c. xxx. v. 34, which is directed to be mixed with galbanum, stacte, and frankincense, for the purpose of making a perfume; though the Arabic version *ladana*, might suggest that gum ladanum is meant. The Arabic authors mention it by the name of Azfar al tib, or the fragrant nail; and Avicenna describes it as like a nail, and exhaling a sweet, aromatic smell. He says it is brought from the Red Sea and Gulf of Persia; and quotes Dioscorides for further information. Dioscorides describes the onycha as the lid of a shell found in the nard-bearing lakes of India; and says that its smell is as though the animal had fed upon nard. He further states that the best sort is brought from the Red Sea; and that another is called Babylonian. The smell of the substance is described by Europeans as somewhat fishy, as might be supposed from its origin; but it is mentioned in the *Amera Cosha* among odoriferous drugs.

LINNEAN SOCIETY.—Dec. 6.—E. Forster, Esq., in the chair. Mr. Reeve exhibited a *Panopæa aldrovandæ*, which had been taken from the sea, off Messina. The shell has been long known, but only three or four specimens of the animal have ever been taken. From one extremity of the shell to the end of the proboscis it measured two feet; the proboscis measured about eight inches. Mr. Ralph presented a specimen of the fruit of *Jatropha multifida*, exhibiting the peculiar character of the albumen and embryo. Mr. Quekett exhibited specimens of *Ergot* on Rye, which had been produced by watering the plants of Rye with water containing the spores of *Ergotetia* diffused through it. Mr. Hassall read a paper on the development and reproduction of fresh-water Conserve. The principal points of the paper were—1, that in their growth the Conserve increased by the development of cells at their extremity; 2, that each cell continued, during the whole existence of the plant, to develop itself both longitudinally and laterally—and this is why the species of Conserve cannot be characterized by the size or form of their cells; 3, that an increase of the cells takes place by the bursting of the membrane of the cell, and the folding in and union of the broken edges, forming a double septum.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.—Dec. 14.—G. Moore, Esq. V.P., in the chair.—A paper by Mr. A. Smith was read, 'On the Properties of Wire, as applied in the Manufacture of Rope for Standing Rigging, Lightning Conductors, Cables, &c.' After some preliminary remarks, on the increment of strength, as compared with the diminution of bulk, resulting from the processes of drawing and annealing the

wire, Mr. Smith gave a table of the strength of single wires of various gauges, the breaking weights having been obtained by experiment with the testing machine. This was followed by a table of tests of the comparative strengths of the government hempen rope and Mr. Smith's wire rope, from experiments ordered by the Admiralty in March, 1837. Another table gave the comparative size, with the weight and cost per fathom, of iron-wire rope, hempen rope, and chain of equal strength. The general results are, that standing rigging of wire-rope, of equal strength with the hempen rope, one-third of the size and half the weight, may be fitted at about two-thirds of the cost. In the nautical statistics of Mr. Smith's paper, it is stated, in reference to the advantages of a reduced surface of rigging, that "the standing rigging now fitted in Her Majesty's Navy, presents a surface of upwards of 800,000 square feet, which is about equal to the surface of the sails of twenty-four first-class frigates,"—and, in reference to the disadvantages of the absorption of moisture by hempen rope, that "one fathom of hempen rope, about three inches in circumference, will absorb half a pound weight of water, and will contract one inch in length. The standing and running rigging of a first-rate measures about 30,000 fathoms, and will consequently, when wet, contract in length, on an average, about 833 yards, or nearly half a mile, and will absorb about seven tons of water, which, being principally carried aloft, will materially affect her sailing," &c. Mr. Smith explained the construction of an apparatus termed a "screw lanyard," which he substitutes for the ordinary lanyards and dead-eyes of the shrouds, for the purpose of tightening the wire-rope rigging. It consists of a piece of Russell's wrought-iron tubing, with a screw at each end, working in right and left screwed sockets. The ship's lightning conductor is described as a copper-wire rope securely fitted to the trucks and mast-head caps, and descending from the top-gallant and top-masts down the rigging and over the ship's side, where it is inserted in a copper-plate, in contact with the sheathing below the water-line, &c. That part of Mr. Smith's communication which relates to the construction of wire-rope bridges, &c. was postponed to the next meeting.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

- SAT. Asiatic Society, 2, P.M.
MON. Statistical Society, 8.
TUES. Institute of British Architects, 8.
TUES. Linnean Society, 8.
WED. Chemical Society, 8.
WED. Society of Arts, 8.—Mr. A. Smith 'On Wire Rope Bridges for Military and other purposes.'—Mr. Higgs 'On a Monochord for teaching Singing.'
THURS. Microscopical Society, 8.
THURS. Royal Society, 1, p. 8.
THURS. Numismatic Society, 7.
THURS. Society of Antiquaries, 8.
THURS. Royal Society of Literature, 4.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

THEATRE ROYAL DRURY LANE.

On Monday will be performed, KING JOHN, from the Text of Shakespeare.
Tuesday, the new Tragedy, by T. Westland Marston, Esq., called THE PATRICIAN'S DAUGHTER. The Earl of Lynstone, Mr. Phelps; Mordant, Mr. Macready; Nabel, Miss Helen Faucit.
Wednesday, AS YOU LIKE IT.
Thursday THE PATRICIAN'S DAUGHTER, being the last Night of the Company's performing before Christmas.
Dryden and Purcell's Opera of KING ARTHUR will be acted every Evening.
On Monday, December 26th, the Theatre will reopen with a PLAY; succeeded by the New Grand Christmas Pantomime, to be called, HARLEQUIN WILLIAM TELL; OR THE GENIUS OF THE RIBSTON PIPPIN.

DRURY LANE.—'The Patrician's Daughter' is a revival by Mr. Marston of the experiment made by Moore, in 'The Gamester,' and by Lillo, in 'George Barnwell,' and other works, to make contemporary persons and occurrences the theme of tragedy; with this difference, that Mr. Marston's drama is not only written in blank verse, instead of prose, but is the production of a poetical mind. Though it was favourably received, and its representation excited some sympathy in the softer sex, we cannot regard this success as demonstrative of the suitability of modern subjects as materials for tragedy, or 'The Patrician's Daughter' as anything more than a clever mistake. The example of Shakespeare—who is at last discovered to have been a consummate master of the dramatic art, as well as a wonderful poet—and other great spirits of the drama, is against the attempt. Such authorities will, perhaps, have more weight than argument, though the reason is so obvious that we are surprised it should have escaped

observation: it is found in the very nature of the tragic drama, of which the supernatural and the heroic are elements; for passion, however intense, resulting in a catastrophe of the most fatal kind, is not sufficient to produce that exalted state of feeling which lifts the mind above the common concerns of life: the human interest arising from individual suffering, is only the link of the chain that connects the sublime sources of awe and terror with our own experience, bringing home to our own bosoms the sufferings—

Of poor humanity's afflicted will
Struggling in vain with ruthless destiny.

'The Patrician's Daughter' is not, in fact, a tragedy, but a grave conversational comedy, with improbable incidents of a disagreeable kind, and a painful ending; the characters are unreal and undignified, who talk in a stilted style, neither modern nor ancient, something between prose and poetry, and who do nothing. The author's intention is to represent the conflict of the aristocratic and democratic principles, his sympathies being evidently strongest on the popular side; yet so ill has he managed the strife, that the patrician, as well as his daughter, who is the victim, attracts respect, if not admiration, while, on the contrary, the hero of democracy excites unmitigated aversion and disgust. The plot is simple, and the characters few. *Edgar Mordaunt*—not a plebeian name, by the way—who has gained celebrity as a poet and orator, and aspires to be a statesman, proposes for the hand of *Mabel*, the only daughter of the *Earl of Lynterne*, whose ancestry dates from the Norman conquest: he is rejected with scorn, on account of his plebeian origin, though the lady secretly loves him, and for this insult he threatens to be revenged. After a lapse of years, he renews his suit, and his pretensions being backed by the honour of knighthood and his political importance, he is accepted: the wedding guests are assembled to hear the marriage settlements read, when the bridegroom rises and refuses to marry the lady, making a long and violent speech, and avowing his vindictive purpose. The poor girl dies broken-hearted; but not before she and her father had forgiven *Mordaunt*, they having learnt from the confession of her conscience-stricken aunt that *Mordaunt's* motives in seeking her hand at first had been misrepresented. The man who could cherish so long such a base revenge, cannot have the noble nature which *Mordaunt* is represented to possess; and for a fatal catastrophe to follow such a paltry scheme, so outrageously executed, is shocking to the sense of propriety. The aunt's conduct, too, is as improbable as that of *Mordaunt*, and the characters of the earl and his daughter are inconsistent. The performance is effective, setting aside the palpable absurdities of situation and behaviour: for such a proceeding as that of *Mordaunt* would not be tolerated in any society, much less in the highest circles. The actors, too, Mr. Phelps excepted, have not the manners and deportment of gentlemen; indeed, the violence of tragic utterance is as much at variance with the restraint which the usages of society place upon the expression of emotion, as the modern costume is with the artificial dignity of tragedy: the very tones and attitudes of Mr. Macready, as *Mordaunt*, are violations of conventional propriety. This, alone, proves the unfitness of a modern scene for tragic passion, even though the discrepancy could be reconciled, that it reduces tragedy to the condition of comedy, by involving the representation of manners and the expression of conventional modes of thought and feeling. Miss H. Faucit excites an interest in the heroine, *Mabel*, by her earnest vivacity in the lighter, and her strong emotion in the more impassioned passages; a fervour, indeed, pervades her whole performance, without infringing upon lady-like decorum. Mrs. Warner, as the aunt, is dignified and impressive; her confession of guilt is a vivid picture of the agony of remorse. The prologue, written by Mr. Charles Dickens, with point and feeling, is admirably spoken by Mr. Macready. The scenic necessities are magnificent, and in fine taste; but it would be a great improvement if the set scenes were presented without the moving in and out of furniture.

MISCELLANEA

Paris Academy of Sciences.—Nov. 28.—The greater part of this sitting was occupied with a communication

by M. Pelouze, on the comparative weights of certain chemical bodies, and with reading other purely chemical and medical papers.—Dec. 5.—A Report was read on the new process of M. Gaubert for composing and distributing printing types. The commission, whilst it does all honour to the genius and labour of the inventor, has carefully abstained from any observation as to the economical results to be anticipated from its adoption.—A paper on the education of animals, particularly the dog, was presented by M. Léonard. This gentleman enters at great length into the history of all the celebrated learned dogs, and lays down rules for the information of those persons who have sufficient patience to bring out all the instinctive powers of this friend and companion of man.

Etching Club.—In your journal of the 10th inst. in reference to a series of illustrations of the Songs of Shakspeare, by the Etching Club, you say "they are to be executed in the same size as those to Goldsmith's 'Deserted Village,' to be completed by 1st January next." Permit me to mention, that the edition of the 'Deserted Village' was executed on plates 9½ inches by 6½ inches; the present plates are 12 inches by 8½ inches: the forthcoming finished etchings are on an enlarged scale, as compared with those of the 'Deserted Village.'—I have the honour, &c.

The Great Northern Steamer.—This ship, which was launched at Londonderry, some time since, has completed her machinery, and may shortly be expected to arrive in the river Thames. The Great Northern is upwards of 1500 tons burthen, and is fitted with Smith's screw propeller, driven by engines of 350 horse power. She is fully rigged, carrying precisely the same mast, yards, and canvas, as an ordinary sailing ship of similar tonnage. The steam power in this instance is considered as merely an auxiliary, to be used in calms, contrary winds, &c.

Steam-baked Bread, à la Vicuña.—It has been known for some time at Vienna that if the hearth of an oven be cleaned with a moistened wisp of straw, bread baked therein immediately afterwards presents a much better appearance, the crust having a beautiful yellow tint. It was thence inferred that this peculiarity must be attributed to the vapour, which being condensed on the roof of the oven, fell back on the bread. At Paris, in order to secure with certainty so desirable an appearance, the following arrangement is practised:—The hearth of the oven is laid so as to form an inclined plane, with a rise of about 11 inches in three feet, and the arch roof is built lower at the end nearest the door, as compared with the furthest extremity. When the oven is charged, the entrance is closed with a wet bundle of straw. By this arrangement the steam is driven down on the bread, and a golden yellow crust is given to the bread, as if it had been previously covered with the yolk of an egg.—*Annals of Chymistry*.

The Mignonette, *Roseda odorata*, now naturalized to our climate, is a native of Barbary. Many years since it was introduced to the South of France, where it was welcomed by the name of *mignonette*—little darling. This favourite plant, brought to England in 1742, is noticed by Cowper, in his 'Task':—

—The sashes fronted with a range
Of orange, myrtle, or the fragrant weed,
The Frenchman's darling.

Sir Walter Scott was in error when he introduced it into his novel, 'The Fortunes of Nigel,' as decorating the London windows during the reign of James I.—*Gardeners' Chronicle*.

Sad, if true.—The following story is from *Galigani*. "A short time ago a melancholy event took place in the theatre at Leghorn. A player on the bass, named Gemminiani, wishing to make his talent known to the public, announced that he was to play a piece between the acts of the opera. The connoisseurs, however, thought but lightly of his talent, and assembled to laugh at the performance. When the poor artist was playing the rondeau of *Lucia* on a single string, conversation, laughter, and noise drowned the sound of the instrument. He exhibited marks of extreme emotion, and at last his agitation became so great, that he could no longer do justice to his powers. When he arrived at the phrase—*Tu delle gioie in seno, io della morte* (Thou hast joy in thine heart, and I death), he let the instrument drop, remained a moment motionless, and then fell heavily on the stage! The people of the theatre rushed from the side-scenes, and bore him off. Medical aid was applied, but in vain, he was dead!"

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—B. M.—J. E. C.—G. W.—S. K. C.—A. E.—received.

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